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MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Memories of the old days!
Why do you come at will?
You bring me naught but sadness,
Yet you haunt—you haunt me still.

Sweet voices, long since silent,
They speak again to me!
Dear faces I have worshiped,
Once more—once more I see!

Ah! love that went too briskly,
Ah! joys forevermore dead,
In my pride I did not heed you
Until—until you had fled!

O memories of the old days,
That will not leave my heart,
You are cruel to me ever,
But we cannot—cannot part!

THE MOTHER OF NICK.

A STORY OF SAWDUST AND SPANGLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HORACE FORRESTER.

"Hello! Come here, Nero!"

"What is it—for Heaven's sake, Ned! She isn't dead, is she?"

"Here, Nero. Down! That dog is the bravest, just a little the best dog in the world, but he don't stick his nose high anything dead, unless it's a bit of nice, juicy meat. No, she ain't dead."

The man leaned over the limp form lying under a rude shed. His companion, a tired-looking woman, approached a trifle nearer and looked over his shoulder timidly.

"She looks like death!"

"Pshaw! So would you if you slept here all night."

The man looked around with an expression of disgust.

"Nice Christian country this, where a little thing like that has to lie out nights."

"You don't know, Ned. Maybe the poor thing ran away."

"All the same, it's a nice Christian country where a girl that runs away can't find a roof to shelter her."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to bring her to, to wake her up."

"She can't take that. It will choke her."

"Choke her! It's mother's milk in an emergency."

Ned carefully removed the stopper from a pocket-flask, which he placed in his companion's hand, who held it while he raised the girl's head gently.

"Here, look up." There was a quivering of the muscles about the mouth, a trembling of the eyelids—no more.

"I say, miss! wake up now. Open your eyes. You are all right now."

The voice was kind. The girl's eyes parted slowly; she shivered, looked up into the face bent over her, then suddenly bounded to her feet, to the great astonishment of the man. The woman retreated a step or two.

"Good gracious! You ain't the least bit dead, miss. Do you always wake up like as if you were set on springs? See how you alarmed Nellie."

The girl looked at them in a dazed manner, stepping back until she stood at the rear of the shed.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Well, now," said Ned coolly, "I would like to have an answer to one or two questions first. What are you doing lying out here, two miles from town, in an old shed that may have been a blacksmith's shop, but, turning around with an expression of disgust, 'I'll swear it's more like a pigsty now. Who are you, and what are you doing here all alone? Don't you know this isn't a place for anything human, let alone a young'—he was going to say 'lady' but he substituted the word 'girl'."

The girl looked about her. As she realized the nature of the locality, she recalled the horrible sensations she experienced when she sank down there last night, wishing she had never been born—praying she might die before morning.

"Well, haven't you anything to say, miss?"

"I wish I was dead!" she exclaimed passionately, bursting into tears.

The man elevated his eyebrows, and looked significantly at the woman.

"Poor thing," said the woman compassionately. "Who knows? Maybe it would be best."

"Tut-tut-tut! Nonsense! Taint no such thing. Quit your snivelling, Nellie," said the man as he turned to the woman and furtively wiped an eye.

"All blamed nonsense. That's about the sense you women have. Here you, miss; take a taste of this. It won't hurt you. The girl held back until the woman added: "It will do you good, miss." Then she swallowed the liquor, making many wry faces over it.

"If that isn't insulting the best liquor I've tasted in years. No matter, miss; there's more than you don't know good liquor when they taste it. Now tell us your trouble, miss. Maybe we can help you. We won't hurt you, will we, Nellie?"

"I have nothing to tell. I only want to get away—ever so far away."

"Oh!" said the man. But the woman touched the girl gently on the arm:

"Have you any friends near here?"

"Me?" the girl stared at her. "Why, I'm from the poor-house. I haven't a friend in the world. Her manner, more than the sad tone in which this was said, caused the woman to turn her head aside.

"I have no friends—not one. They beat me and said—oh, such low, vile things to me! And they were going to put me in with the crazy people if I did not do everything they told me to. So I ran away."

The man was busy with his dog. A burr was in his hair. "My, my, them's sad words from such young lips." He tossed the burr down, and still averting his face, said slowly: "But maybe, after all, it would be best for you to go back—unless you have some place to go to. You can't sleep out of doors—taint proper, is it, Nellie?"

"I'll never go back. I'd sooner die. They called me a thief—and a never stole anything in my life. I was raised there, too—and they know they lied." Her flashing eyes as well as her gestures impressed her listeners.

"Don't say anything about it. It ain't our business, anyway. We just found you lying here, or rather Nero found you. We will help you if we can, won't we, Nellie? But I tell you, once for all, little girl, if you know of any relatives, you'd best make your way to them as fast as you can. Because this is as poor and mean a Christian country for a lonely girl to travel in as I ever found, and I was born in it. It is, for a solid, hard fact."

The man was very grave now, as he deliberately replaced his flask, and regarded the girl soberly.

"I told you I haven't a friend in the whole world," the girl replied in very low tones, as her eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Then, as the judge says when he draws on the black cap before he pronounces sentence of death," may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

"Don't, don't, Ned. You frighten her."

"No, I know hemeans well," the girl answered quietly.

"What can you do for a living, miss. A girl raised in a poor-house. You ain't big enough—a mite like you—to wash. Of course you've not the experience of a cook that knows all the trimmings for a thousand dishes."

You can't embroider in ten million colors, make blue jeans in worsted, and green dogs and violet cows. You can't talk ten languages, and play on the piano, and blow a whole brass band of instruments. Lord, Nellie, if she only could play everything in a band—and all at once—what a fortune she would make for old Gummitt."

"The girl don't understand you, Ned."

"Well, I understand myself. I say Nellie, I wish I could be a whole brass band about half an hour. If I wouldn't make Old Gummitt come down, it would be a miracle. Well, now, to be plain, I don't see how a little girl like you will make your own living. You see, a girl from a poor-house knows less, maybe, than any other person, when it comes to woman's work, I mean. They don't circulate tracks on woman's work in their institutions. Didn't you stop to think of that before you ran away?"

"I only wanted to get away," she answered, ruefully, looking down helplessly.

"You tackle her, Nellie. Maybe you can talk to her, and find a way out."

"What can I say, Ned? You have said it all. And too much, for she is crying."

"Let up on the briney, little one. I never could stand that. Cheer up. It's a curious case, this. I'm at the end of my string. You see—it's all accident. We were just taking a little walk—Nellie and me—to get a chance to talk over matters and things, when we came on you. We had no more notion of playing the shepherd than we have of going to Timbuctoo—had we, Nellie? Well, we find you, and you don't appear to know your own mind. Maybe if you had a real good breakfast it would help you to a decision. When I'm in trouble I always like to eat, and then, when I've a good, square meal, seems to me I'm in better fighting shape. At least it lessens the trouble. Maybe that's because a good many of my troubles in my early years were stomach troubles."

He smiled grimly and glanced at Nellie.

"I used to think my stomach was the worst cheated thing in the world. I can't play the shepherd worth a cent—taint in my line at all. But I'm a friend of the under dog in the fight every time. I'm not a shepherd, and I ain't a kidnapper."

"What is a kidnapper?" The girl looked at him curiously.

"An awful, terrible, worst kind of horrible bad man, who goes round this Christian country seeking young people—boys and girls—to devour, when he can't get grown people to work for nothing. Isn't that about the complexion of a kidnapper you and I know, Nellie?"

Nellie, who was laughing at his description, replied:

"I don't know but you are about right."

"You understand, little one, that I don't want that sort of a certificate plastered over me. Now, if you should go along with Nellie and me, there's lots of kind people who would force that sort of a certificate on me, whether I wanted it or not. At the same time—here he whistled to his dog, which trotted to him—"if you'll go back with Nellie and me about half a mile you'll find a very good breakfast waiting for us. You can see what you'll see, and do just as you're a mind to. It ain't no place for a nice, fresh, innocent girl, is it, Nellie?"

"No, it is not, Ned."

"Same time, there's an honest, well-meaning and virtuous people back there as you'll find among the lawyers, the preachers, and the lying editors and their wives. And they are as affectionate and industrious as any people who work for their living—as true to each other as men and women can be."

He turned suddenly and kissed the woman, who drew back abashed, saying:

"That's always the way with Ned, miss. He thinks I am the flower of the land—don't mind him."

"She's been near death's door—she thought she would die, miss. And I was—well, I was suffering for a scoundrel's crime. I couldn't just prove my innocence in five minutes. It took him three months. And she got out of bed spite of all the doctors could do—got up every day and went through her act, when (if the doctors don't lie) there isn't one woman in a billion that wouldn't



HAROLD KYRLE BELLEW, ACTOR.

drop dead with half the work. All to make money to get the witnesses a long distance, and pay the lawyers to get me out of trouble. I am almost afraid, miss, she will never be herself again. Look at her thin cheeks—that used to be so plump. I just got back to work a month ago, and that's why we came out for a walk. I was making love again to my wife—I'm not ashamed to tell it, Nellie."

The man kissed the woman again, and the wife hastily wiped her eyes as the girl considerably turned away.

"My name's Ned Sutherland—my wife's name's Nellie. Them's not the names on the bills—but we hope we will be able to give the others up some of these days, don't we, Nellie?"

"I hope so, Ned."

"Now come along with us, miss—what is your name?"

"My name's Joe."

"That's a boy's name. Oh! Joe for short. That will do as well as if it was a mile long. Come along."

And together they turned their faces away from the town. The odd couple walked on before the man with an arm around the woman's waist. Sometimes they stopped to look at the little brook babbling over the stones, at the foliage, which was variegated and bright, or at the distant hills. The runaway girl took up with the dog from the first; it leaped and gambled about her as though they were life-long friends.

"This is the place," said Ned, as they turned off the road, and entered a large square tent, around which a number of men and women walked and sat, some on queer stools, others on fixtures that puzzled Joe. The men looked up curiously; the women shrugged their shoulders as the newcomer passed them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Ned, turning and facing all present, "this is a young lady who is under my wife's care until she can find a better friend. Her name is Joe. She will travel with us for a while. That's about all that's necessary to say now, I guess."

"Haden't you best talk to Maxey about that?" said a thin, wiry gentleman who wore an enormous watch-chain with a large seal. Joe had never beheld anything half so grand.

"Mr. Rickett, when I invite a friend to my table, I don't ask Mr. Maxey's permission. I am responsible for my guest—is that sufficient, Mr. Rickett?"

"Oh!" answered the man with the flaming seal.

"And, Mr. Rickett, when I use respectful language, and civil language, and do the civil thing, I don't allow anyone to say 'O—o—o' in that way."

"Ah—h!" exclaimed a number of gentlemen in chorus as Mr. Rickett shot away, and Nellie hurriedly led, or rather pushed, Joe into the tent.

"That's the time Rickett got it," said one. "He don't try it on Ned Sutherland," another answered.

"Because Ned would mop the ground with him in a minute." The gentleman who said this made a motion as though he were wringing out a wet cloth; then he flung the imaginary cloth over an imaginary line, whereat everybody laughed, including the ladies. Mr. Rickett in the meantime discovered something at the other end of the tent that demanded his attention.

Ned Sutherland sat a little apart, thinking what position he would make of the girl whom chance had thrown in his way, or, as he expressed it when talking to his wife, "upon their care." Meanwhile Nellie was in quest of a basin and towel for Joe.

"There, my dear," she said as she placed both before Joe: "you will feel better when you wash yourself and tidy your hair. And remember—whatever rough words you hear, and sometimes the men swear awfully, don't mind them. And another thing—there's not a soul dare breathe, let alone speak, a word to you out of more than civility, after what Ned said. Mind that, whatever else

you forget. They all know Ned Sutherland too well for that."

They were in one end of the tent, which was divided from the main body by a long strip of canvas.

"What sort of a place is this we are in?" Joe was combing her hair, looking at herself in a small mirror hanging against a side of the tent.

"Don't you know? We are circus-people."

"Is this a circus?" Joe turned around suddenly.

"Why, no, child."

Nellie answered, laughing. "This is our dining-room; the kitchen is at the other side."

"Kitchen? In a circus?"

"Yes, everything else has gone ahead. This will be moved just as soon as we get our breakfast. We haven't far to go to-day, and we are in no hurry, because we will have plenty of time to reach the next town, a few miles across the river."

Besides, we've had a hard time of it for a month—up at four and five every morning, and till eleven at night. You only see the pictures"—Joe nodded—and you thought we had a splendid life—like princes and princesses."

Joe nodded again. She was abashed at the idea of associating with people whom she had been led to believe wore gold lace and diamonds.

"Breakfast, Nellie," called Ned, who at that moment looked around the canvas screen.

"Hurry up; I've a tremendous appetite this morning."

"One minute," pleaded Joe, as she was following Nellie. "What is—Ned? Is he the owner of the circus?"

"No—but he ought to be. He knows more about the business—can do more than any of them, as Maxey well knows. Come, Ned is waiting."

The breakfast was spread on a low, long table outside the tent. Joe understood afterwards that it was on boards placed on trestles. There was a variety—abundance of excellent food. Everybody was hungry. They enjoyed the good things, Joe thought, more than any people she had ever seen. They exhibited a zest greater than that displayed by the children and friends of the superintendent of the poor-house. She hesitated to eat the food Ned heaped upon her plate, until, perceiving she was unnoticed, she managed to clear her plate. Ned was on one side, Nellie on the other, both eating heartily like people who appreciated their victuals.

"Now, look sharp, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Rickett, when the table was cleared. "All hands on parade in Prescott at ten o'clock sharp, remember. Ladies in full riding habit, as usual—gentlemen as knights, except you, Mr. Joe."

"If you mean me," Ned interrupted, "I prefer to be a knight, too. What is the use of one man painting his face in a crowd?" Whereupon Mr. Rickett turned away wrathfully.

"What did he want your Ned to do?" Joe was puzzled by the smiles of the people about her when Rickett walked away.

"He wanted to punish Ned, I suppose. He wanted him to dress the clown."

"Dress the clown. Oh, I want so much to see a clown. Every circus has a clown—just like the pictures—hasn't it?"

"I've seen circuses without what I call a clown."

"Of course you can't ride a horse!" queried Ned, at that moment addressing Joe. "You'll have to ride in a wagon with old Crocks."

"With old Crocks?" Joe looked at Nellie.

"That's a nickname for a queer old driver—but a real good soul."

"I'll go with anybody—but I know how to ride. I rode the superintendent's horses—and his colt, bareback, often."

"The deuce you did!" Ned looked at Nellie meaningly. "That settles it. Put her in a habit. She will help to swell the procession. They can't say we hid her if we do that."

Mr. Rickett was well pleased with an arrangement that added to the ladies and knights he headed when the "grand parade electrified the people" of the towns and cities where they exhibited. They had a ride of only six miles before them, and Mr. Rickett said they "could titivate themselves up when they reached the edge of the city."

So that poor Joe, to her amazement and pleasure, very soon found herself attired in a handsome riding-habit between Ned and Nellie on the road to Prescott, where they were advertised to exhibit six days in succession.

The proprietor of the circus—I beg Mr. Maxey's pardon, the proprietor of "The Grandest Aggregation of Talent and Beauty Ever Assembled Under a Monster Canvas, Covering Eight Acres," to borrow the language of the bills—Mr. Maxey (called by many irreverent people "Gummitt," because he was toothless), was in Prescott, awaiting the arrival of his people. When the "Aggregation" passed him, he was surprised upon observing the accession to his forces. Nellie had upon second thought concluded it best to place a flaxen wig upon Joe, whose gleaming teeth and bright eyes attracted the spectators. The hair might be anybody's—her eyes and teeth were her own, and so was that rich complexion. A very pretty picture she was on bareback. Mr. Maxey hastened to the "Master of Equestriennes," as he termed Mr. Rickett, when the procession reached the exhibition ground.

"Who is the new hand? Where did you get her? Why was I not consulted about it, Mr. Rickett?"

"I've nothing to do with the matter. You can find out all about it from Sutherland."

Mr. Maxey made his way to Ned.

"I want to know who this new party is?"

Ned beckoned to Joe, who was in the act of entering the ladies' tent. Joe approached hesitatingly.

"This is Mr. Maxey, proprietor," Joe bowed. She was oppressed with Mr. Maxey's greatness.

"I asked Ned where he picked you up, Miss—what is your name?"

"Joe."

"Joe what?"

"I never had any name but Joe."

"The devil! Well, we can't have anyone without a name, can we, Ned?"

"I don't know whether we have her or not," Ned answered. "I found this young lady under peculiar circumstances," whereupon the facts were recited in a very few words. Mr. Maxey pursed his lips, then said brusquely:

"This is not a boarding-house we are running, nor an asylum for the friendless, is it, Ned?"

"I know it is not an asylum for the friendless," The proprietor eyed him keenly. Ned's tone was civil, his manner respectful, but there was a vein of irony underneath all that Mr. Maxey did not like.

"Then why did you bring this girl here?"

"Please, sir," said Joe suddenly, "don't think I'll stay. I did not intend to stay at all."

"That will do, Joe," said Ned. "It is all chance work. She is here now as my wife's guest—mine and Nellie's—and I've told Mr. Rickett what to take out of my salary on that account. Is there anything wrong in that, Mr. Maxey?"

"Nothing at all."

"If she desires to remain with us a week or two, or until she can find something to do, I suppose, as long as she is entered on the sustenance-list in my name, there will be no objection."

"None at all, Ned." Mr. Maxey's face cleared. "And if she wants to learn the business, she'll never find better teachers than you and Nellie."

"I am glad to hear you say that on Nellie's account. We will see about that further along," he added with a flushed face. Joe's instinct told her the truth: he desired to spare her the knowledge that the proprietor was eager to secure her services in exchange for her living. When Mr. Maxey was called away, Ned followed Joe into his wife's presence, and threw down his tin helmet with something that sounded like an oath.

"Would you believe it, Nellie, Gummitt was inclined to curl on me on account of Joe here? He changed his tune, though, and now he thanks you and I am just the people to train her."

"Trust Gummitt to look after himself," Nellie answered.

Ned passed into the adjoining dressing-room, and Joe had time to look about her. The sun was shining brightly. She knew by the shifting shadows overhead that the large flags she had observed over the tent were flaunting gaily. There was a hum of voices outside the tent, people calling to one another, and a hammering the last blows of the tent-men. Nellie was disrobing, as were two others. Joe followed their example. Then the remainder of the ladies entered, and soon all were dressed in tights and spangled skirts. The skirts were taken from huge trunks with mirrors in the tops, mirrors lying loosely between the dresses. The skirts and tights were tossed out indiscriminately on boxes, trunks and trestles to lie until needed. All was confusion. Those who were dressed for the ring seated themselves on trunks and boxes to read, or walked about aimlessly with a weary look. Others were engaged in the prosy work of sewing or darning shoes, making and mending wearing apparel. One lady, to Joe's amazement, was apparently oblivious to all that was passing around her. She was cutting out, shaping and pinning together a new dress.

Joe knew by the loud laughter, whistling and talking in the tent adjoining that the gentlemen were also preparing for the performance. The bustle outside and inside increased. There was much calling between the tent-men, grooms and drivers, mingled with the hum of the people's voices who were hurrying into the great tent. Then a band near her struck up, and the people about her seemed endowed with new life. But most wonderful of all was the transformation wrought in the ladies' appearance. Joe could not recognize half of them; paint, powder and wigs had accomplished miracles. Perhaps the most amazing thing of all was the change in Nellie. Instead of a worn face with haggard eyes, Joe beheld a brilliant beauty.

"You look like—like a Fairy Queen," said Joe admiringly.

"I'll tell that to Ned," Nellie replied, laughing.

"Now, then," said Rickett, bustling in, and glancing around, "are you ready, ladies. There is the first call."

Joe looked on as they were assisted to mount—ten ladies looking like princesses for the grand entry. Saw them joined by ten gallant knights—saw them enter the ring amid the plaudits of a vast audience and the blare of the band. What was that? A hurricane of laughter swept across the great tent. Joe stepped out until she commanded a view of the ring. No wonder the people laughed. She never beheld anything so whimsical as the figure that bowed, doubled itself into a dozen knots, then suddenly straightened itself and kicked the ringmaster's eye.

It was the clown.

She laughed at his antics until the tears rolled down her cheeks. A gentleman at her elbow, who applauded the clown vociferously, turned suddenly in answer to a query addressed him by another.

"Of course it's him. I know him as well as I know my brother. He is the greatest clown in the world, is Ned Sutherland—they've got another name in the bills—that's his real name."

That man Ned! That rollicking, slinging, whistling fellow who was made of springs and rubber! It was no wonder he held the people's attention with his quips and jokes. When the ladies and gentlemen rode out, and the clown wheeled himself off, almost striking Joe as he whirled past her, she hastened to Nellie.

"Why didn't you tell me Ned was the clown? Isn't he wonderful?"

"Didn't I tell you? I forgot, then."

"Come, my Queen of Arabia," said Ned, thrust-

WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

— Matthew W. Canning is likely to travel with Edwin Booth next season in an executive capacity.

— We are requested by a brother of the gentleman to deny the rumor that Willet Seaman of the Thompson Opera Co. is to marry Bebe Vining.

— Harry Sanger, one of the directors of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., died in that city March 15, aged sixty-three.

— Lawrence Barrett's supplementary season opens next week in Charleston, S. C. J. N. Gotthold, Walden Ramsay and Eugenia Blair will then take their places in his company.

— Senora Ruiz and two female choristers of a Mexican theatrical company were kidnapped by Chancas-Cruz Indians during a raid on Peto, Mex., March 7. They were held for \$3,000 ransom, which was paid, and they were released.

— A. B. Bennett has left Sackett & Wiggins and joined Higgins' "Burr Oaks" for the remainder of the season.

— The O'Connor Tragedy Co. and Gibson & Ryan's "Irish Aristocracy" Co. exchanged courtesies at Akron, O., last week, with felicitous results, it would appear.

— So far as we have heard, the people engaged for Mr. Booth's support next season include J. T. Malone, John A. Lane, Owen Kewett, Emma Vaders, Mrs. Augusta Foster, Mrs. S. A. Baker and Mary Madden. Booth opens Sept. 8 in Buffalo, and Mr. Barrett Sept. 1 at the Star Theatre, this city. Mr. Barrett will supervise the rehearsals of both companies in this city.

— Nora Lytton's Co. is managed by W. S. Montgomery. Harry Stetson is treasurer. In the support are Lillie Barrett, Dora Carl, Lillie Raymond, Ed. Bowman, Julian Grear and Arthur Westfall.

— H. E. Dixey and those who accompanied him from this city March 17, after the performance of "Adonis," to appear at the "Elks" benefit in Washington, called on President Cleveland while there, and were, besides, entertained by Congressman Mitchell of Connecticut at breakfast morning of 18.

— Edwin Clifford has had more trouble. Again an agent has bothered him. It is W. H. Mizner this time, and he is no longer in Mr. Clifford's employ. Many causes led to the change.

— W. T. Carleton says he is going abroad in June to hunt for new operas.

— Bronson Howard, who is a Yale man, is to lecture before the members of the Harvard Dramatic Club at Sanders Theatre (Harvard College), Cambridge, Mass., March 26.

— George Morton's "His Sin" Co. is thus made up: George Morton (star), J. A. Randall, De Lora King, Joseph Ransome, Carl Anderson, Edmund Clark, James Irving, Henry Rich, Robert Myron, Bunt from Forrest, Eugenia Carr, Ada Morton, Pauline Duffield and Marion Moore.

— S. H. Cohen is to manage a tour of "The Long Strike" next season, with J. C. Padgett starring. Mr. Padgett has the rights from J. H. Stoddard.

— Lester & Williams' "Packer Match" Co. close at Cohoes, N. Y., March 27. Jennie Yeomans then returns to this city.

— Gilbert Sarnoy recently joined Louise Sylvester's "Hot Time" Co.

— T. W. Keene will add "Lear" to his repertory when he gets to work again.

— A Western exchange reports the marriage at Chippewa Falls, Wis., week of March 8-13, of Patti Rosa and Eliza Lipis, formerly stage-manager of the Bella Union, San Francisco.

— May Woolcott has resumed the female lead in "The Ivy Leaf," and will continue until the reopening of Joseph Jefferson's tour, next month.

— Nat Childs is associated with R. J. Filkins in the management of Lillian Spencer's "Anselma" tour.

— William Hudson is to have charge of F. B. Ward's business for next season. He will echew the smaller stands.

— William H. Page has been engaged for Count Wolfenstein in the Kralffy's "Black Rock" Co.

— J. S. Haworth, Charles Walcott, Louise Dillon, Sam Sothern, Mrs. C. M. Walcott, Rowland Buckstone, Mrs. Hill and J. J. Rosenthal (advance) are the "Engaged" Co., which Charles Frohman put on the road this week for a snap tour.

— Agents will be interested to learn that Marcus A. Mayer's contract with the railroads to take Mary Anderson's forty-two people from Chicago to Frisco and back (four stop-overs) was at the rate of \$74 for each person, the round trip.

— Bertha Welby has signed to tour under G. A. Blumenthal's management for the next five years. "A Winter's Tale" and "The Jewess" will be in her repertory. T. H. Winnett has already booked twenty-four weeks' time.

— Frank Torrence is now ahead of the Redmond-Barry Co.

— Joseph Adelman has signed with Lawrence Barrett for next season.

— Chas. H. Bradshaw will not travel with Lotta next season.

— Josephine Bailey, Walter Eytling and Smith and Watson are in the reorganized "One of the Braves," which went out again this week.

— Arthur Miller denies that T. W. Okey of Columbus, O., has signed Minnie Madden for five years. She is under contract to Mr. Miller and C. D. Shepard of the White Elephant, this city.

— It is definitely settled that "Punch" Wheeler is to manage "Zozo" next season. He goes into training at Hot Springs, Ark., April 1.

— "A Day's Love" is the title of the new play in which, as rumor has it, Walter L. Dennis is next season to star.

— W. A. Brady, late of the Grimmer-Davies Co., joins M. B. Curtis this week.

— Blanche Millie lately became a member of Janish's Co.

— Upon application of D'Oyly Carte, the United States Circuit Court at Boston, Mass., has restrained H. B. Adams' Co. from producing "The Mikado" with orchestral accompaniment.

— Nilsson will sail from Paris early in September. Her tour here, under Maurice Strakosch, will open Oct. 11.

— A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lyander Thompson March 18.

— Bertha Schultz of the Thalia Theatre is among the coming soubrette stars. H. C. Husted discovered her, and will manage her.

— Higgins' "Burr Oaks" Co., as reorganized, now consists of Josie Crocker, Louise Galloway, Ella Stuart, La Petite Irene, Percy Melton, Van Higgins, Horace D. Newton, M. D. Nichols and W. L. Woodson. David and Milton Higgins are the proprietors; Ben Sackett, stage-manager; and A. B. Bennett, business-manager.

— C. A. Capas of the Seventh Regiment is to furnish the music next summer at St. George Grounds, Staten Island.

— Harry Bernard, advance representative of Edwin Arden's "Eagle's Nest" Co., was presented by the friends he made while visiting Rochester with a handsome pair of diamond sleeve-buttons and diamond collar-stud.

— "The Breadwinner" (W. S. Sanford, manager) is playing this week at the National Theatre, Chicago; H. A. B. Williams retired from this company March 20.

— George Clarke has called his new play "A Strange Disappearance."

— Josie Crocker will commence a summer season May 31, under the management of A. B. Bennett. Two new plays, "A Noble Heroine" and "The Outcast Heiress," will be produced during the tour.

— Louise Rial has been engaged for the remainder of the season to play leading-lady in Harry Lacy's "Plaster's Wife."

— Floyd Crowell has added "Love and Money" to her repertory. G. W. Crowell has secured Moore & Vivian's Co. as the attraction for his opening week at the People's Theatre, Hamilton, Can.

— Frank R. Stevens, late stage-manager of the "Argonauts of 49" Co., has accepted a similar position in Washington & Fowler's "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" Co. Washington & Fowler opened the thirty-first continuous week of their season at Ithaca, N. Y., last Monday night. The company is en route for New England.

— F. D. Lawrence, late manager for James Owen O'Connor, is in town, having closed with Mr. O'Connor March 16. Mr. Lawrence will rest for a week or two, in order to get the best of a heavy cold contracted in the West.

— Frank Loece is the latest to institute a suit against Bartley Campbell. He claims \$250 unpaid salary.

— Maud Banks, daughter of Gen. N. P. Banks, will go with F. B. Ward next season.

— W. H. Gillette will retire from the "Private Secretary" lead about June 1, and go to play-writing. Leonard Grover Jr. will fill his place for a short season.

— "The Lone Pine," now being done in New England, turns out to be E. J. Cowley's work, and not David Belasco's, though the latter has written a play of that name.

VARIETY AND MINSTREL GOSSIP

W. T. Bryant can no longer "Keep It Dark." He tells us he and James Macdonald, J. S. Alexander's management, and with a company in which Florence French and others will be seen, will open their season April 26 at Reading, Pa., for three nights. They have a good route, well booked, and expect that George Hoey's new comedy will go in all ways. Bryant and Macdonald do not close with the Kernells Co. until April 22.

RAMBLER WHITNEY of Howard & Whitney's party was in the city last week, and said he was prospering. MANAGER PAT REILLY, of Reilly & Wood's Co., has signed the Nelson Family and Mlle. Pagardus for next season. He has also engaged some European novelties.

HARRY EARLE, burlesque prima-donna, is hereafter to bill himself as "The Great Robart."

THERE is no foundation for the report that the present management of the Standard Museum, Brooklyn, is to be changed. Manager J. W. Holmes will remain at least as long as the premises are under the control of Hyde & Behman.

THE NELSON FAMILY have been engaged by the Orin Bros. for their circus in the City of Mexico.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. CONWAY have engaged passage for England on the steamer America, which sails May 12. They will probably make their debut in England at Liverpool.

IT became our painful duty last week to acquaint Billy Banks' aged mother of the death of her son. She made inquiry as to his whereabouts, and for the first time learned of his demise. The old lady is in destitute circumstances.

GEORGE HAMELL, soprano, late with McNish, Johnson & Slavin, has been obliged to leave the stage, on the advice of his physicians.

JOHN HART informs us that it is an assured fact that he is to have a minstrel company of his own next season. They will commence operations in the East.

FRANK CURRAN's mother died in Baltimore, Md., last week. The event was an unfortunate one for Mr. Curran's sister, upon whom the expense of the funeral comes very hard. Friends of Mr. Curran were very anxious to telegraph him last week, but we were unable to give them his address. We had last heard from him in Australia, some months ago, with Leon. By the way, Mary Oberist, who claimed to be a sister of Leon, was admitted to Bellevue Hospital one night last week.

CHARLES J. HALLAM of Shepherd and Hallam, and late with Lester & Allen's Minstrels, died at Naples, Fla., March 18, of hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been ill for some time, and had only recently gone to Florida in hopes of recovering. His engagement with the Lester & Allen party was the last he had played.

TOMMY HART continues to increase the number of his topical songs. His latest is from M. H. Rosenfeld's busy pen, and is called "Twit All Come Out in the Wash." There are many local hits in it.

LEW DELMORE, of Delmore and Wilson, was presented with a gold-headed cane at the Grand Museum, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 17. W. T. Dulaney made the speech.

ELLIS and MOORE will again try conclusions with "German Luck." The opening date is understood to be April 5.

ADAM HAMMERLY denies. He never married Carrie Avery; he never said he ever did, and he never said either. So he who took Adam's name and put it to paper and set it in type, and who in the former. The prison-guards are ajar for such chaps.

WARD AND LEE joined May Adams' Co. last week.

GEORGE VANCE writes us from Paris, Fr., that he has seen Dr. Pasteur, and has been treated with the utmost courtesy.

J. J. MAHER, James Dilke and Frank Goldie contemplate taking out a comedy company next season. (GRACE BARROW (Mrs. Geo. W. Wille) gave birth to an 8-pound boy March 20. The parents are with May Adams' Co., but the baby is not Chinese.)

LILLIE, infant daughter of Dave and Hattie Tracy, died in Cleveland, O., March 17, aged 14 months.

THE people so far engaged for Wells & Sylvano's Musical Ideals are Del Fuego, D. H. Kimpsey and Miss Conway. They play through Wisconsin during the summer, opening April 22.

CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW.

THE BARNUM GARDENS—Workmen are yet busy in Madison-square Garden for next Monday's opening of the Barnum Show. The stock came down from Bridgeport, Ct., last Sunday, and the people were arriving last week from all directions. A preliminary glance at the roster enables us to discount most of the features of this year's exhibition. The chief new specialties will be: H. B. Adams' Co. in "The Mikado," in a flying-trapeze act, and Thurbur and Dubois, Fredericks, Glose and La Vann, J. T. Carrier, Housabursam, Schrodre Bros., Josie De Mot, Stirk and Zeno, the Julians, Juan Calcedo, Robert Stuckey, Viola Rivers, Mattie Jackson, Frank Morgan, Wm. Dutton, Orris Hollis and wife, Emma White, Lavin and Walsh, Nellie Venore, Jerry Bell, Mlle. Leavens, Mlle. Zarah, Gifford Bros., Van Simpson, Whitfield, Minnie Russell, Mlle. Adelaide Cadona, Leopold and Wentworth, Tatalla, Carroll Bros., Geo. Bliss, La Rose, Nicholas, Irwin Bros., Sappie Lowrey, Cora and Dora, H. Harrison, Caron Bros., Wm. Conrad, Fred Watson, wife and daughter, Bliss and Romelli are among the performers, in one line or another. Millie Christine and Lucia Zarate are the curios to be featured. The international congress of giants and gigantes will include Chang, and the Mikado. The Flying Dutchman, a band troupe of Arabs are also to be heavily billed. The management novelties will be Alice and Jumbo's skeleton. We are told that the legal trouble at the London Zoo, as to Alice, will be settled, and that the beast will come with Charles White on the Grecian Monarch, April 22. The Jumbo skeleton is said to be remarkably lifelike, and is expected to play a big part in drawing people to the show. Next Saturday night there will be the usual torchlight parade. The circus will open March 29 and play four weeks. Then it goes to Philadelphia, and, as intimated in this column last week, it there combines with the Forepaugh Show for a week, exhibiting on the uptown grounds. The combination arrangement was settled very quietly, and does not surprise us. It was, in a large measure, inevitable. Philadelphia will thus get a veritable "corker" of a circus, and there will be no advance in prices. Of course, the two shows divide the receipts, but in what proportion it is not absolutely safe to say, because it is readily susceptible of contradiction.

ED. MARTINETTI is the equestrian-director of Dr. J. L. Thayer's Circus. He and his three brothers, Nelson, Albert and Louis, have been secured for the season. The Austin Bros., James Joyce, William De Ivey, Millie Lockwood and Prof. Franklin's dog-circus are also with this show. Leon and donkeys and Dr. Thayer's wife and daughter joined at Raleigh, N. C., March 17. J. L. Thayer Jr. makes his debut at Norfolk, Va. The concert is given by Dan Lester, Chas. Allen, George Bell, John Dowling, Ed. Lockwood and Ed. Martinetti. Thayer per se and his Nelson Martinetti, Leon and Lockwood are doing the clowns. The show is said to have done well since opening March 8, at popular prices.

THESE people are engaged for A. A. Beckett's Hippodrome Circus for the season of 1896: J. E. Nobles, agent, with eight assistants; Eugene Gilmon, Ed. Morris, George Richardson, Alexis E. Scarf, John Lambert, Mons. Larebeto, William Mayo with six trained horses, Billy Andrews, Nelson Sinclair's dog-circus, Jean Albert, Samuel Cook, Harry Eldon, Willie Ash, Louis Alfredo, John Stinson, Lee Jugger, Ben Roberts, Sideshow—John Kelly, manager; Ben Bowman, Chas. Smith and goats Dr. Lynn, Punch-and-Judy and sleight-of-hand; Circusian; Mlle. Bowman, snake-charmer; Millie Scarf, half-lady; Michigan Giant, Master of canvas, Chas. Rhoades; Prof. Chas. C. Chase, with band of ten men. The show opens May 1.

JAMES D. FAX, the lithographer, left Fort Wayne, Ind., March 16, to join one of the Eastern shows.

DRUM-MAJOR NELSON, who goes with Barnum, headed the parade of Lester & Allen's Minstrels March 15 as a company to the dock. The show suffered from yellow fever at Caracas, S. A. James R. Adams was among the number. All were well at last accounts. It is expected that the Dockrill season will not close before May. Some of the people will return to the States before then, however, in order to fill other engagements.

CHAS. E. GIFFORD and Olivia (snake-charmer) do not

go with Forepaugh's Circus, as at first announced. Mr. Gifford and Olivia Williams think of taking a small wagon-show through Michigan.

The following people are thus far engaged for the Schiedel Bros. Pavilion Show: Master Freddie Buskirk, Delmore Bros., Lotter and Cleary, Prof. Warwick and a band of six pieces. Schiedel Bros. will control the sideshow.

BURT L. CORN, assistant-manager of Gilliland's Opera-house, Van Wert, O., has joined the Barnum Show for the season.

JAMES HENKNEY, Tip-pan Fields, Barretto and the Orline Bros. recently joined Huffman's Dime Show.

CHARLES ELLIS goes as agent ahead of Miles Orton's Circus.

ANDERSON'S GLASSBLOWERS close season this week, and join the Forepaugh Show.

GRAY & SIMPSON of Richmond, N. Y., are to take out a minstrel show in wagons, traveling South and West. Their tent will be 100x150ft., and they will carry a band.

THE JEAL SISTERS closed with the Orin Bros. Circus March 21, after a successful season of fifteen weeks in Mexico. They are engaged for Frank A. Robbins Circus this season.

H. B. KNAPP will probably be with Burr Robbins this season as railroad-contractor.

COL. J. H. WEBB will arrive in the city from Key West, Fla., about March 30.

CHAR. J. GREGORY's wife recently presented him with a daughter. It weighed only three pounds, but was perfectly formed, and is in fine health. Mr. Gregory now has three girls in his family.

The roster of Frost & Co.'s Van Amburgh Railroad Circus, now in California, comprises Mlle. Zoe, Prof. Wm. Organ's educated horses, Harding (clown), Zaroni (juggler), Emily Zola, Frank Monroe, Eva Hewitt, Minnie Zola, Heeley Bros., and a Sioux Indian.

E. H. DAVIS, general-agent for John B. Doris, is in Indianapolis, Ind., arranging his advance work.

FOREIGN.

"THE LADY OF LYONS," with Mrs. Langtry as Pauline, was done March 18 at the Prince's Theatre, London, Eng. Her passionate scenes aroused no enthusiasm. She was at her best in the emotional passages.

"THE PICKPOCKET," not "The Pawnbroker," is the name of the new farce comedy by C. H. Hawley, the adapter of "The Private Secretary," which is to follow the latter at the Globe Theatre, London. The first production is announced for April 3.

THE summons which was obtained against M. Carillon, lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng., for unpaid salaries, was made and a subpoena issued for the purpose of enabling the defendant to effect an amicable settlement.

A. W. PINERO is at work upon an English version of "Der Raub der Sabinen." He is probably stimulated by Ang. Daly's success with "A Night Off."

THE contract of a court-singer has been officially declared broken. She was originally granted three months' leave of absence, and was refused an extension of the furlough. She did not return, preferring America, and in consequence her connection with the leading operatic stages of Germany has been severed.

THE novel, "Pente the Peckler," by James Smith, is being dramatized by Ernest Daze. It is being done in the English provinces.

"NADEL," a so-called "poetic romance," in one act, is from the pen of W. F. Lyon. It was produced March 11, for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Coventry, Eng.

MARIE HEILBRON, the prima-donna, died at Nice last week. She leaves a daughter and a fortune of \$600,000. The funeral will occur March 25 in Paris. Marie Heilbron was born in Brussels, of Jewish parents, about 1848. After some brief experiences on the Parisian stage, she signed with Max and Maurice Strakosch for an American tour, and made her debut at the New York Academy Sept. 28, 1874, in "La Traviata." She returned to Europe in the following spring. Later she abandoned the stage to marry Viscount de la Panouse, a very wealthy Frenchman, but managed to stage over a substantial ransom upon claiming the paternity of a son born to her some years before she met him. The nobleman's family objected, and the interference of the courts prevented him from carrying out his intentions. A year or two later he failed in speculations on the stock market, and operated over a substantial ransom to his wife. We believe that ultimately they separated.

A MARBLE TABLET, with portrait in bas-relief, sculptured by Havard Thomas, has been erected to the memory of the late Fred J. Fergus (Hugh Conington), in the Bristol Cathedral, by public subscription.

"DENISE" will be produced after the old comedy arriving at the Haymarket Theatre, London. Miss Wallis has been specially engaged for the production.

ELLEN TERRY, completely restored to health and spirits, reappeared March 6 at the London Lyceum.

EMILY SODERBERG has made a contract with Augustus Harris to appear at Drury-lane Theatre in the new opera by Hervey and Harris, which will be done in June or July.

"SYMPATHETIC SOULS" is the title of a new comedy, in which Mrs. Langtry will shortly appear at the Haymarket Theatre.

"JIM THE PEKMAN," a drama by Sir Charles Young, will be done March 25 at the Haymarket Theatre, London. Yorkie Stephens was in the cast.

"ATLANTIS OR THE LOST LAND," a new comedy-opera, was played for the first time March 17, at the Haymarket Theatre.

MME. TREBELL has left London, Eng., for an operative tour in Switzerland and Germany. She will return to London next month.

"FALKER" will have reached its 1,000th performance in England April 3 at the Comedy Theatre, London.

"TOUCH AND GO" was produced for the first time March 8 at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool. It appears to be a burlesque of more than ordinary merit. Walter Andrews is the author and composer.

"FIRST AND STARTS," a farcical comedy, by J. Wilton, was produced at the Prince's Theatre, London, on any stage March 1 at the Prince's Theatre, Bradford, Eng.

CANADA.

Montreal.—Judie gave a week of French opera at the Academy. The engagement promises to be successful. At the Royal, Pauline Markham, in "Camille," "The Orphan" and "East Lynne" will be the attraction week beginning March 27.

New York.—The "Princess Toto" last week were diminutive in the extreme. Tellus made a Hub success week locally. Pretty Madeline Lucette is an excellent foil to a pretty stage-picture. Miss Lucette is not in the cast this week. Miss Evans sings Yum-Yum. There seems to be nothing new on the Bijou docket until Gill's latest burlesque, "Arcturion," which is booked for April 5.

Rehearsals are in progress in your city. The Adams Chinese and Japanese Minstrels opened for the week beginning 22. Moore & Vivian's Co., in "Our Jonathan," had a most successful week's run, closing 29.

NEBRASKA.

Omaha.—At Boyd's Opera-house Mary Anderson, in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy," March 22, and "As You Like It" 23. J. T. Raymond in "The Magistrate" 26 and 27. Mexican Typical Orchestra 29. "Silver King" 15 and 16, drew fair houses. The seats for Mary Anderson went on sale 18, and before night every seat was sold at advance prices. The most successful week of the season. The company will continue part of this week, having played to fair business for last week. Al Weaver's Dramatic Co. will hold the boards the latter part of the week. I was in error last week in reporting the death of Mike Ritchie of this place. It is true he was injured, and so seriously that it was in the papers here that he was dead; but he is still with us, improving slowly.

Lincoln.—The only attraction this week is Packard's Panorama March 25. "Shadows of a Great City" comes April 5. Manager Funk has some open dates the first and latter part of April and May.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham.—"The Magic City" is booming with shows. At O'Brien's Opera-house, the Fry Concert Co. played March 16 and Rose Cochran 17 to good houses. "Michael Strogoff" 19, Milton Nobles 22 and Silbans' Co. 24 and 25. At the Casino Rink, Dalton & McKelre's Dramatic Co. all last week in standard plays. The most successful week of the season was this week. Huffman's Ten-cent Circus was painting the town "grand" all the week.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco.—"Willie Buffalo, or the Potrero Wolf," is the latest which Charley Reed has introduced into his repertoire. He has given us the best of everything, and has worked hard to make things pleasant for his patrons. He will probably close the season with a balance on the right side of the books.

James A. Brown, the former proprietor of the Theatre Comique, has assumed the management of the Vienna Gardens. His company comprises James Tenbrook, Clark and Rannels, S. G. Beasley, Julia Russell, Bobby Gaynor, May Gaylor, Kelly and Watson, Welsh and Peasley, Conchita, Charley Morrel, and Howe and Earl. At the Baldwin, Mary Anderson will commence April 5, for two weeks. The business manager will be the minstrel party of McNish, Johnson & Slavin was large. They have made many friends during their engagement, and will leave a good record behind them. J. B. Polk in "Mixed Pickles" will be with us for a two weeks' engagement beginning April 10, and then commencing a short season in July. She will summer in Lower California, I hear. At the Bush-street Theatre business has been fairly profitable so far this season. The attractions have been of the popular kind, attention being paid to remunerative rather than artistic successes. Buffalo will close a two weeks' stay March 20; the house has been of paying size. Harrison & Gourlay's Co. in "Skipped by the Light" and "Out of the Frying-pan" will commence a short engagement 22. At the California, experiments have been in order to an alarming extent this season. "Hoodman Blind" was produced, with fine scenic effects, and a cast of sufficient strength to make a "go" of the piece. After a short run it was withdrawn, and in its place a so-called new drama, "Second Sight," replaced. The latter proved to be our old friend "Clairvoyance," done here many years ago.

"Oliver Twist," "Money," "London Assurance," "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" were put on for one and two performances apiece to fill up the time for "another new one," "Erin's Chorra," which was done March 15, at 10 telegraphed you, with a fair degree of success. "Guy Mannering," for which Genevieve Ward has been specially engaged, will follow. As "Erin's Chorra" was a work above its class, it will have done the Eden Musee order of things, and may prove of sufficient interest to draw for a short time. Jefferys Lewis has been offered a position in the dramatic company. "Der Bureaokrat," a four-act comedy by Gustave Von Noster, will be done 21 in German at the Alcazar Theatre. Mr. Arnold, who had done the Eden Musee, died in this city 10. The Actors' Fund telegraphed \$50 to defray the funeral expenses.

Gridley.—R. M. Beebe, a prominent merchant of this place, has just completed the Gridley Opera-house, which will seat 300 persons and has a good stage.

MONTANA.

Butte City.—C. B. Bishop opened at the Grand Butte Co. a good house, in "Widow Bedott," which was repeated 9 to a house nearly equal to that of the first night. On 10 and 11 "Strictly Business" was presented. It was a work above its class, and it filled the house comfortably. On 12 Mr. Bishop appeared in "A Party by the Name of Thompson," while "Widow Bedott" was repeated 13. The engagement, which was to have closed 6, was extended so that his last appearance was on 17. Owing to the illness of one of the leading characters of "Our Boys," which was booked for 18, the Opera-house was closed. It is expected, however, that all will be around for the balance of the engagement. Lytle's Co. will soon appear for a two weeks' engagement at the Grand. All the attractions playing at this house during the past three months, except Grant's Opera Co., have done a large business. Manager Maguire will at an early date enlarge the gallery to seat 300 more persons. The present capacity is 400, which is entirely inadequate. Baird's Minstrels and Joseph Polk are some of the attractions booked for the near future. Since the closing of the Comique, Manager Ritchie is securing new attractions weekly, and is furnishing a very good show. Work is being pushed in excavating for the basement of the new building to be erected upon the site of the Comique, which burned. It is reported that Manager Ritchie, late of the Comique, will assume, temporarily at least, the management of one of the leading variety theatres of St. Louis. [See St. Louis letter.—Ed. CLIPPER.] Your correspondent offers an apology for his failure to respond for some weeks past, though there has been very little of interest to report.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit.—Robson & Crane's "Comedy of Errors," week of March 22, is the only regular attraction of "Called Back" at the Detroit and "Breadwinner" at Whitney's stayed all last week, and both were poorly. "Undine" is this week's bill at the Museum corner of the Michigan. The "Called Back" Co. has been renamed Chas. Stevenson's Comedy Co. C. A. Shaw's new theatre will be called the Capitol.

Lansing.—Jessie Bonesteel, barjo and musical artist, booked at the Opera-house March 19 and 20, is confined to bed at the Hudson House with a severe cold, and is obliged to cancel.

Jackson.—At Hibbard's Opera-house, Craven's "Rag Baby" Co. came to a fair audience March 16. Hardie and Von Leer in "A Brave Woman" 18, giving good satisfaction. A. Gardner in "Karl" 24.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—Again is the difficulty presented to our theatre-habitués of witnessing a theatrical novelty. So often have we, this season, been afflicted with attractions which bear palpable marks of antiquity that the introduction of a novelty of positive character has been a rare occurrence. This week's bill at the Museum corner of the Michigan. The "Called Back" Co. has been renamed Chas. Stevenson's Comedy Co. C. A. Shaw's new theatre will be called the Capitol.

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insurance") and Nancy ("Oliver Twist"). A special engagement has been made with Richard Mansfield,

will be supplied by the surplus talent of the Barum Show, after its New York City engagement, when, of course, some scaling will be indulged in for the road trip. Wise William... Geo. B. Holland is said to have left Fort Worth, Tex., rather suddenly, with numerous unpaid bills behind. He is supposed to be managing Holland's Opera-house. It is to be hoped the rumor is not true. Johnny Patterson, the Irish clown, who will be with the Doris Show, is a great trick just now. He could not try any of his "positively something new" on the Queen when by command Hendler's Circus, of which he is a member, was before her. Florence Gilmore's piano-playing was an attraction at a G. A. R. entertainment 19.

Fort Wayne.—Salesbury's Troubadours in "Tom, Dick and Harry" had a paying house at the Temple March 19. "Devil's Auction" and a fair house 13. "The Naid Queen" will be put on all this week, commencing 22. It promises to be the biggest yet seen here. The week of tragedy at the Academy has not proved remunerative to either the star or the house. Edward Wodicka did not get enough from his share of the receipts to pay for his paper, and James Owen O'Connor fared but little better. Tragedy at 10, 20 and 30 cents doesn't pay in Ft. Wayne. Week of 22, Benton's "Silver Spur"..... T. F. Mack of the Metropolitan was called back on the stage Thursday night to quell a threatened disturbance, and was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane by the employees. He was very much surprised, but responded. The Washington Bros. have made a big hit at this place. Mr. Mack paid the fine of Millie Lulu, and she is now playing at his theatre. Belle Boyd, the rebel spy, lectured to a \$7 house night of 14. Frank Bennett, Eva Ross and Pond and Lewis are here this week also.

Logansport.—James O'Neill is down for March 22, and Alice Harrison 27. Mr. and Mrs. Florence repeated their former success 20 to a splendid audience. Maude Revelle's British Blondes showed here to light house, and a police force took no action. The advance sale for James O'Neill gives good ground. Chas. McGeech was here 19, booming Alice Harrison.

Sullivan.—The people of the M. E. Church presented "The Peak Sisters" at the Opera-house March 15. The entertainment was well attended. Tony Denier's Burlesque and Specialty Co. gave a big bill to a large audience 19. Riley's Dramatic Co. begin a week's engagement 22.

Hudson.—At the Grand Opera-house, the Fanny Herring Dramatic Co., which was announced for week of March 15, failed to arrive, and has not yet notified the management of the cause. [We stated the cause last week—Ed.] Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" is booked for 22. Over four hundred seats have already been sold for J. K. Emmet, who reappears 29.

Anderson.—Tony Denier's Pantomime Co. are booked for March 24, and Haverly's Minstrels for April 16. Ed. Trail, business manager of Denier's Co., was in the city March 17. "The Columbian Dramatic Co." Valparaiso, Ind., presented "Maid of Arran" 17 and "The Outlaw's Daughter" 18 to good houses.

KANSAS.

Topeka.—At the Grand, "Shadows of a Great City" March 19, 20, to good business. A. Crawford's, nothing the past week. The Boston Ideal Opera Co. are booked for 23, 24. At Library Hall the Rock Band Concert Co. 16, to crowded house. H. H. Ragan, in one of his illustrated lectures, comes 23. J. Johnson McFadden, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, was in the city last Saturday. Mr. McFadden received a sudden call to go to Cleveland, O., to attend the sickness of his wife, formerly Georgia Putnam. I extend congratulations—a bright, bounding boy.

Leavenworth.—At the Grand, "The Shadows of a Great City" was given to good houses March 18 and 19. Booked: 22, 24, "Scrap of Paper," by local talent; 25, J. T. Raymond. The Leavenworth Athletic Association has begun to put its grounds in shape, and the first game of ball will be played April 15 with the St. Louis Browns, to be followed by the Chicago Blues. The association starts out with fifty season tickets sold.

Atchison.—At Price's Opera-house J. K. Emmet, in "Fritz in Ireland," turns the tables on the house. B. Polk will appear in "Mixed Pickles" 27, the Boston Ideal 31.

New Kiowa.—Wilson & Davis have opened the Adelphi Theatre here. Gilmore & Brewster are the managers. They will be followed by the pianist and Wm. Wyman property-man. Among the people are Billy Brewster, W. C. Salati, C. W. Curran, Mamie Morris, Tom Gilmore, Ada Morris, Anna Jones and Birdie West.

IOWA.

Des Moines.—The attraction at Foster's March 18 and 19 was "Silver King," which was well received by good houses. Mr. Bangs was called before the curtain at the end of each act. The Grand has been dark the past week. Coming are J. B. Polk's "Mixed Pickles" 27, J. T. Raymond in "Scrap of Paper" 29, Murphy & Murray in "Irish Visitation" April 1, W. J. Scanlan 2, 3, Strakosch's English-opera Co. 16. At Lewis' Opera-house the Dick Gorman Co. played a most successful second week March 15-20. Robert Ransom opens a two weeks' engagement 22. Mary B. Cope and Alice Merrill are home from a successful tour over the State. A society was organized last week to be known as the League of the White Cross, for the purpose of making war on the "nude on the billboard." Polo and races are attracting crowds at the Rink.

Keokuk.—At the Keokuk, Newell & Fielding's Comedy Ideals open for five nights and two matinees March 23, at way down prices. On Tuesday and Wednesday, first time this season. Mr. B. Curtis has excellent prospects for "Spot Cash" 22. J. K. Emmet, with "Fritz in Ireland," drew good houses 16. Pyke's Opera Co. sang "Beggars' Choice" 18 to a fair house. Maggie Mitchell, in "Little Barefoot," 19, to her usual large business, at advanced prices.

Ottumwa.—At Lewis', April 2, Murray and Murphy in "Our Irish Visitation" March 24 and 25, Dick Gorman in "Conrad." The Ottumwa Minstrels played a good and appreciative audience 18. At the Turner, 22 and week, Newell & Fielding's Comedy Ideals; 29 and week, Chase & Howe's Co. I have in my possession somewhat of a curiosity, in the shape of a silver half-dollar, being the date of 1875, on the right of the edge is stamped "Parisian Varieties," and on the left "16 st. and Broadway." If anyone has a better or prior right to the same, let him declare himself, or for ever after hold his peace.

Cedar Rapids.—Fannie Davenport in "Fedora" is booked for March 26. Felix Vincent 18, 19 and 20. M. B. Curtis in "Fritz in Ireland" came 16 to a fair house.

Council Bluffs.—At Doherty's Opera-house there is nothing this week but the Typical Mexican Orchestra, who come March 26 and 27, giving a matinee 27. The past week F. C. Bangs in "The Silver King" had a very large house. A home-talent concert 19 and a presentation of "Bory O'More" by the Irish-American young people 20 both drew good houses. Nothing is booked but "Mixed Pickles" 29.

Centerville.—At Russell Hall, the Novelty Co. played March 12 and 13 to good business. At Armory Hall, Chase & Howe's "Madison-square" Co. open 15 to a week.

WISCONSIN.

Milwaukee.—At the Grand Opera-house, Robson and Crane in "Comedy of Errors" did a large business the past week, the house being packed the latter part of their engagement. Maurice Grau's English-opera Co. opens March 22 for three nights. James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo" balance of the week. Haverly's Home Minstrels gave performances after-noon and evening of 21 to good business.

New Academy.—The "Devil's Auction" Co. opened 22 for one week. Duff's "Mikado" Co. did a large business three nights, ending 20. C. A. Gardner presented "Karl" after-noon and evening of 21 to large business. The attractions booked for an early appearance are Alice Harrison, Salvini, Lilli Lehmann's Concert Co. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight, Sol Smith Russell, "The Rat-catcher," and Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels.

Schenley's Theatre.—This popular place will hereafter be known as the People's Theatre. Drax Museum.—A large business was done the past week. The principal attractions were: "What is It?" Belle Boyd, Hans Lechner's troupe of Tyrolean warblers, and Zeldner & Criside's "Humpty Dumpty."

Notre.—Sig. Baldanza and Emma Romeldi have reorganized the Milan Italian-opera Co., and will shortly begin an engagement in Chicago.

Oshkosh.—Murray and Murphy appeared March 17 at the Grand to good business. Howarth's "Two Dams" was the bill 18. Manager Irving has booked Annie Pixley for April 1. The Four Emeralds engaged for week of March 22 at Turner Hall, have canceled this date for a week in April. At the Casino Rink, week of 22, O'Leary and Harriman will engage

in a six-day heel-and-toe contest for \$1,000 and net gate receipts. The Janesville and Oshkosh polo teams will play a League game 23 at the Central Rink.

Janesville.—At Myers' Opera-house March 18, "Our Irish Visitors" gave satisfaction. They had a splendid house. The prospects are equally good for W. J. Scanlan, 22. Maxey's "Uncle Tom," M. B. Curtis' "Devil's Auction" and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight are booked.

La Crosse.—Murray & Murphy opened March 19 to a big house. The Andrews Opera Co. comes March 24, W. J. Scanlan 29, Rentfro's Pathfinders April 1, Strakosch Opera Co. April 2.

OHIO.

Cincinnati.—The past week proved most unsuccessful all around. The attractions were all companies on return visits. The trouble between the Law and Order League and the theatrical folk has degenerated into regular guerrilla warfare, with arrests, fines and the usual trimmings of straw bonnets, escapes, etc., until its discussion has become tiresome. It will eventually end in the discomfiture of the managers, as long as the present law is not repealed. The League are preparing to carry these cases of Sunday violation of the law to a higher court this week.

Grand Opera-house.—The Alfa Normani Co. in "The Mikado" drew moderate houses. Opening March 22, Salvini; 29, Rosina Vokes.

Sullivan's Opera-house.—Sully's "Over the Rhine" engagement proved a week of indifferent business. The presence here of another "Bad Boy" Co. caused a split in the business. Opening 21, "Kinky" "Rat-catcher," 28, "The Mikado" Juvenile Opera Co.

Havlin's Theatre.—Alice Harrison, in "Hot Water," for a return visit, drew only fair houses. Opening 21, Sol Smith Russell, in "Felix Musick," 28, Ezra Kendall, in "A Pair of Slides."

Harris' Museum.—Atkinson's "Peck's Bad Boy" Co. proved a winning card for Manager Harris. Standing-room was held at a premium several nights. Opening 21, Helene Adell, in "Moths," 28, J. D. Clifton and Mary Treat, in "Myrtle Fenn."

People's Theatre.—The attraction last week was Davene's Allied Attractions to moderate houses. Manager Fennsey has been placing numerous athletic entertainments in this house, until it has become a sort of respectable Harry Hill resort, sans the women. Opening 21, a Home Minstrel Co.; 28, Lang's Comedy Co. in "Scheming."

Vine-street Opera-house.—Manager Gabriel, despite the harsh treatment of Judge Fitzgerald, is around smiling and happy over his release from the troubles of Sunday showing. His business shows a disposition to pick-up. Opening 22, Morton and Ronald, Allen Simons and Thompson Sisters, Connors and Adams, Senator Woodson and Heaton and McCall.

Crums.—"Uncle John Robinson" is out taking sun-baths daily. His health has been bad lately. John Robinson of the Dan Sully Co. was compelled to leave the company last week on account of the illness of his wife. The subscription lists to the German-opera season at Heuck's Theatre are being rapidly filled, with indications for a grand season, financially and artistically. The Cincinnati Orchestra has been engaged for the Cleveland May Festival.

An error in booking at the Grand is likely to be made here before long, as both the companies booked—J. K. Emmet's and "The Boston Ideal"—swear they will fill the time. Jack Burke made his appearance at the People's 18, to a crowded house. Pat Killen met a local sparrer, John Hughes, at the Vine-street Opera-house 18, and knocked him out in the first round. Annie Maxwell, the Katisha of the Alfa Normani Co., was two years a pupil of the College of Music here. George E. George is here preparing things for the advent of Sol Smith Russell.

Manager Gabriel's benefit is set for 24, and the way his tickets are selling promises a jammed house. The Vine-street will remain closed hereafter on Sundays. The advance sale for Selwyn's engagement is very large. Dan Sully was in the St. Patrick's day parade here, with his bit of green ribbon and a new "dicer." J. A. Howe is doing the advance work for the Kinky's "Rat-catcher." Annie Maxwell, of the Alfa Normani Opera Co., was ill the early part of the week. She has recovered. Flora Moore's "A Toy Pistol" Co. has disbanded. She returns to the variety stage. Al Richards, press-agent for Cole's Circus, left for St. Louis the early part of last week. The Cincinnati Opera Club, in "The Mikado," appeared 18 for the benefit of Helen Donohoe, a girl who is at the Odeon Theatre. It was a grand success. The catch-as-catch-can wrestling match between James Faulkner and Tom Cannon came off at the People's 15, and proved one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed in this city. An immense audience was present. Cannon defeated the plucky little Englishman in three falls out of four. Hubert Heuck is not in good health. Imre and Bolossy Kivaly are in the city. The prices were reduced at Heuck's last week during Dan Sully's engagement. Sunday night, 14, the members of the Lillian Lewis Co. had a very unfortunate row among themselves. L. H. Perlman, ex-manager, received a black eye, had his music taken away and his trunk rifled. The entire crowd came near being expelled from the Grand Hotel. Arthur Lewis is now in advance of "The Tourists." "Poor Little Duff," who, in the paining days of Harris' Vine-street Museum, was its lecturer, is recovering from his severe stroke of paralysis. He is now at 110 West Sixth street. His friends are trying to arrange a benefit for him. R. E. J. Miles left for New York 18. Managers Havlin, Fennsey and Anderson were to-day (19) bound over to the higher court for giving theatrical performances on Sunday.

Columbus.—At the Metropolitan Opera-house R. McWade opened the week March 22 with "Rip Van Winkle." Janiah, 17, created a great sensation upon a large audience. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are announced for 26 and 27, with matinee 22 for the week. "Emeralds," week of 15-20, did a good business, large houses being the order.

Schenck's Grand Musical Comedy, "The Comedy of Errors," at the Metropolitan Opera-house, has assumed the sole management of this resort, and will attend to all bookings. Business has been increasing daily. The De Alma Family and T. J. Ripley opened 21, the Farinas continuing.

Nike.—Everything is running to tent business now, and the people for the three shows which will come from Columbus this Spring are arriving in numbers.

Toledo.—At Wheeler's there is nothing this week save Alice Harrison in "Hot Water" March 24 and 25. The "Zozo" Co. had fair houses 15 and 16. Prof. Crocker's Equitables gave a return date, 18 to 19 inclusive, to good business.

People's.—James M. Hardie and Sara Von Leer are putting in the week in "A Brave Woman." The Tavernier Co. played to good business last week. A light house is a phenomenon at the People's. Next week, Edwin Arden's "Eagle's Nest."

Eng.—The following opened 22: The Four Waltons, May Raymond, Fannie Brendle, Vic Davenport, Flora Lee, Emma Decker, John Bond and Billy Baker. The latter also assumed the stage-management. Business is improving steadily.

Notes.—The Toledo Press Club will play Rhea in May for its benefit. The nights and matinee, producing "Unequal Match," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Country Girl" at the matinee 4. The Pennell Dime Museum is closed permanently. The performers and Dr. Cole obtained judgment for salaries, but there is nothing to levy execution upon. Part of these people had to be aided to their homes by the citizens. The project of a new theatre for Brady & Garwood is progressing, and it is probable it will be built.

Stuebenville.—At City Opera-house Frank Frayne came March 20 to moderate business. Good Frayne, West & Pratt's Minstrel Co. due 22 and 23. The Stanton Club (local) present a burlesque "Mikado" 25 and 26. Mr. and Mrs. Florence are booked for April 1, and Lottie Church 12, one week. At the Theatre Comique the Middleton Bros. Marionettes and Specialty Co. open March 22 for a week. Manager Weeks of the Comique has been managing this company the past week at Wheeling.

Canton.—Schaefer's Opera-house has been occupied largely since the holidays by stereoscopic entertainments, local lectures and snap performances generally, which I have not usually attended or reported. sending you notices of legitimate attractions only. In business, Salesbury's Troubadours, March 17, had good business. Janiah, in "Princess Andros," 20 to a large audience. The Metropolitan and Vandame Rinks have closed, after an unprofitable season. Canton has been effectively cured of the craze.

Van Wert.—Sunday evening, March 17, Prof. T. B. Harrison closed a very successful week's engagement. Revell's Specialty Co. followed 15 to good "Biz." J. Ma

Owen O'Connor, 17, to a fair house. Leland Opera Co., closed 19, cancelled.

Lima.—Crocker's Equitables or Trained Horses open March 22 for a week, and the sale of street cars large. Davene's Allied Attractions played 15 to a large and top-heavy house. The Entitled or Welsh Musical Festival, at the Grand, closed 17, to good houses. Salesbury's Troubadours, in "Tom, Dick and Harry," 18, pleased a large audience. The play has been whipped into shape, and the Troubadours now feel highly pleased with it.

Prospect.—James Owen O'Connor appeared in "Hamlet" March 15 to a very poor house. He gave perfect satisfaction, however, and his return here next Fall should insure him a paid and honest house. He is supported by an exceptionally good company. The Opera-house here having been just built, no attractions are booked for dates this season, but several good companies have been secured for 188-7.

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis.—At the Grand Opera-house a benefit concert to Prof. Frank Danz Jr., was to have been given March 22. Prof. Danz is the leader of the orchestra at this house, but does not, routine his efforts to that office alone. He works enthusiastically to educate the people, and it is to him that we are indebted for the splendid Sunday matinees and Summer evening open-air concerts. W. J. Scanlan 23, 24, to be followed by Murphy & Murray 25-27. Mary Anderson had packed houses the first half last week. On the last night many ladies stood during the entire performance. It was the most successful engagement, financially, ever played here, and at prices 50 per cent. in advance of regular rates. House closed 18-20.

Excelsior.—Horseshoe was to have been reopened by Wellesley & Sterling in "The Danites," for this week. Theatre Comique—Wellesley & Sterling's Co. drew fair business last week. This week the following are furnishing amusement: Stella Clarke, Ed. Edwards and Fay, Lottie Dellmain, Charles and Minnie Osborne, Wagnor and Williams, May Smith, and Colton and Crocker.

Sackett & Wiggins' Dime Museum.—The Japanese Village remains this week, and goes next to Detroit. The third story of the building, which has not been open to the public until recently, is now running in full blast. Business is satisfactory as ever.

St. Paul.—At the Grand Opera-house, Murray and Murphy in "Our Irish Visitors" come March 22, 23 and 24, followed by W. J. Scanlan in "Shane-na-Lawn" 25, 26 and 27. The Duff Opera Co. in "The Mikado" played to big business 15, 16 and 17. This directed the appearance of this company here. Mary Anderson, 18, 19 and 20. The advance sale promised a large business, which was more than verified. The rush since the opening of the engagement has made it inconvenient to procure seats, and the engagement throughout has proved one of the most successful played at the house this season.

Excelsior.—For 22 and week, the Four Star Attractions Co., consisting in part of Kenyon, Jerome and the King Sisters, Garrie Hopper and Carrie Hall, Field and Burdell, Manie Dillon, Mlle. Cordella and a ballet. Business for week of 15 has been good, with "Curley's Own Co." on the boards. Bannor and Williams' "The Danites" has been frequently criticised—there were a great lack of life and of the necessary dash in her acting. Jacques Kruger did all that mortal-born comedian could do with Prof. Pongo. Fred Solomon, brother of the composer, as Curuso, was seen for the first time in this city. He made about all the fun there was in the opera, and showed that he had been well trained in the unmistakably English school of eccentric comedy. Chauncey Olcott was cast for the role of the tenor-hero, Don Pablo. This graduate of the minstrel stage was here offered an opportunity to do the work for which his friends have long claimed he was entirely fitted. He did not accomplish the task to our satisfaction. He sang sweetly and neatly always; each of his numbers was rendered with that mechanical precision for which he is well known, yet in each case without the slightest attempt at expression. The light-opera tenor must have soul. Mr. Olcott has not caught on. Besides, he is as yet untrained and amateurish in his movements, and is not always mindful of the cast-iron but very important rules of stage deportment. We look to see him improve at once in these essential particulars; he must, if he would hope for popularity on the light-opera boards. At present he may content himself with the reflection that his debut has been kindly received by his friends and the critics.

Alma Stuart Stanley did a neat bit as Donna Carmansita, and Lizzie Hughes was bright and pretty as "Pascuala." "Pepita" was staged with a sumptuousness that bore out Manager J. M. Hill's reputation for liberality in that respect. Voegelin's scenery was rich, and the costumes, made from Mr. Thompson's designs by Dazian, were of uncommon beauty. The ballet was good, and was well handled by Sig. Novissimo. As a spectacle, indeed, there is nothing but praise to record of "Pepita." It is too bad that it fails of its purpose as a comic-opera. The only other novelty of the week in the metropolis was "The Jilt," produced at the STAR THEATRE on the night of the 16th. As we reviewed it on the occasion of its original presentation in San Francisco, and again through our Boston correspondent when it had its initial performance east of the Rockies, it is not now necessary to dilate upon it. Before its presentation in San Francisco, we gave a synopsis of it, and called attention to the fact that it was, to some extent, an admixture of "London Assurance," "The Shaughraun" and Hawley Smart's novel "From Post to Finish." There is a trace of resemblance, rather, Myles O'Hara is something better than Conn, although both are portrayed by Boucicault in about the one way; and Kitty Woodstock is not by any means Lady Gay Spanker, although she sports a riding-habit. Instead of the equine brush in the hunting-field that is described so vividly in "London Assurance," in "The Jilt" there is a flat-race; and it falls flat, compared with what should be the effect upon an audience. It cannot be said that this is the fault of the dramatist. It is not easy to locate the fault. Perhaps the characters do not sufficiently work up the scene, or maybe more working-up would spoil it altogether. We incline to the opinion that the drawback is the kind of equine sport. Flat-races have become too common over here, thanks to Brighton Beach and Guttenberg. They are pretty much alike everywhere, the main difference being in the contents of the pool-box. No doubt, the audience would have gazed upon a pool-box or two. But let it not be inferred that the racing scene arouses no enthusiasm at all. The winning horse, Thundercloud, is ridden by a girl, which in itself is a huge chunk of dramatic fat. The girl is sure to be called out, and afterwards no inconsiderable number of the audience join in calling for the horse, in lieu of which appears Boucicault twice or three, as the case may be. Here the gentleman clearly ignores "The eternal fitness of things" by bobbing up suddenly where he is not wanted. As Myles, he had ridden a beaten nag, and in the theatre, as on the turf, the public "take no stock in losers." We dwell upon this race because we believe that the ingenuity of the author is capable of enhancing its dramatic value, and because it seems to us that in "The Jilt" he is playing for a high stake, and a final one. The fourth act, which is almost wholly given up to Thundercloud, is the only really striking part of the play, and should be made the most of. If Mr. B. can see clearly that there is more in it than he and the stage-mechanicians have yet developed. Apart from that act, "The Jilt" is mainly a series of pretty pictures illustrative of English domesticity. This is saying a great deal for it, however, for it is necessarily implying that it is morally clean. The five tableaux with which the five acts end are gems of home-life. Besides, there are five characters in which the element of goodness is so dominant, and so direct in its communication with the average audience, that "The Jilt" can be sure of at least more than fair success almost anywhere. These characters are Myles, Sir Dudley Woodstock, Phyllis and Mrs. Walter, and Col. Tudor; and to them may be added Kittie Woodstock, a charming lover-maker, and Geoffrey Tudor, the young brewer—of trouble. Bijon Heron and Fritz Williams, who, as Phyllis and Geoffrey, are accessories to the cast in the places of Maida Craigen and Willie Seymour, left nothing to be

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans.—At the Academy of Music Barlow & Wilson's Minstrels open for one week March 21. Minnie Madden closed a fairly successful week 20. St. Charles Theatre.—Biddle's Star Co. introduced "Takes-of-leave Man" 21, after having done "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" for a week to large business.

Paranta's Theatre.—A specialty and novelty company opened for a short season 22. The Little Church Co. closed 21, after two weeks of profitable business.

Avenue Theatre.—The "Bells of Shandon" Co. entered their second week 22, presenting "Rip Van Winkle." Business has been moderate.

Robinson's Museum.—There is nothing new in the circus-hall, but in the theatrical Prof. Norris and Blanche Emmett have appeared, as well as a troupe of trained dogs.

Notes.—Wenger's Garden, with Salzer and Sternheim as vocalists and the Ladies' Orchestra under the direction of Ad. Kirchner, is doing a land-office business. John Green, press-agent of Robinson's Museum, has recovered from his late illness. Louise Dienes, who has been in the city for some time, claiming that she was cast for a part not in accordance with her engagement.

Lake Charles.—At Price's Opera-house Simma's "Lucky Old Man" is a very light business. Free-man's Military Co. 11, to be followed by the Ladder Co.'s ball, advertised for 4, is postponed to 19. Charlotte Thompson cancelled 29. The local manager is getting up a stock for the summer.

UTAH.

Salt Lake City.—At Salt Lake Theatre, Harrison and Gourlay, in "Skipped," opened March 16 to a large audience. "Out of the Frypan" into the Fire," 17, which closes their engagement here. The Mexican Typographical Orchestra, 8, 9, 10, only fair business. Minnie Hall, 11, to be followed by the Ladder Co.'s ball, advertised for 4, is postponed to 19. Charlotte Thompson cancelled 29. The local manager is getting up a stock for the summer.

STAGE DEPORTMENT.

A word, and only a word, with regard to deportment on the rostrum or the stage. The first and most important thing to do is to learn to do nothing—to keep still, to stand firmly on the feet, without dropping the hips, letting the hands fall where the attraction of gravitation will take them. Of all the positions one can take, this one is the most graceful, and it may always be held until the demands of the occasion necessitate a change. It should never be changed simply for the sake of change. Yet it is the position least in favor with the type. He persists in frequently changing the position of his feet, in dropping in the hips, in putting his hands behind his back, on his hips, or in his trousers-pockets; or in his belt if he wears one, or in clutching his sword-hilt if he carries one—in short, he persists in doing everything but the right thing, which is, I repeat, to keep still in the position described.

No other one thing so quickly betrays the novice as fidgeting and fumbling, and trying to hide the hands; and no other one thing does so much to make one appear to be master of the situation, and to make one appear to be a great actor, as the eyes—yes, the eyes. If you would learn what not to do observe our younger actors—especially those that come to us from England. They—some of them, at least—would make a better figure if their arms were amputated at the shoulder. After rising to read, or to address an assemblage of persons, do not be in haste to begin. Always wait till your auditors are quite still. Your waiting with composure will never fail to impress your auditors favorably. Be sparing with your gestures. Make but few. The type generally makes fully sixty times too many. Let those you do make be from the shoulder. Little gestures made from the elbow are meaningless. Gesture, if spontaneous, always precedes the word. Gestures that are not spontaneous are better not made.—Alfred Ayres "Essentials of Elocution."

NEW YORK.

New York City.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.—"Pepita" needed but one representation at the UNION-SQUARE to indicate that it would not do. The house at the premier—Tuesday, March 16—was friendly, of course, and it forced a show of enthusiasm that was not at all warranted. We heard the opera again later in the week; not within our knowledge has a colder audience been seen at the Union-square than that of Thursday. "Pepita, or the Girl with the Glass Eyes," is by Alfred Thompson, with music by Edward Solomon. The plot is familiar. Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffman" is from the same source, and it must be said, does better justice to the original of Hoffman's stories. Mr. Thompson's book deals with the adventures of Don Pablo of Seville, who loves Pepita, the daughter of Prof. Pongo, a scientist and inventor with a craze for automata and waxworks. It takes three acts of very dreary dialogue to tell how Pablo wins Pepita and mollifies the Professor. Mr. Thompson has, as we know, written a number of good things in his day. He is a brilliant adapter, an expert in stage matters, and a designer of rare taste and intelligence; as a writer of witty lines he has for once failed to distinguish himself. There is nothing comic in "Pepita," albeit it is called a comic opera; there is nothing interesting in it, although it is founded on one of a series of the brightest episodes ever conceived. It is doubly unfortunate that Mr. Solomon's music should in this particular instance have less of its customary lightness and snap than is usual in that composer's work. A few of the numbers are well done, and the orchestration is at all times rich; but in the main the musical setting is not sufficient to atone for the weakness of the libretto. Wholesale elimination of Mr. Thompson's local gags—which are ludicrously out of place—an interpolation of American humor and the introduction of comicality of some sort into the business of the opera would vastly improve "Pepita." The cast would easily stand an entire reconstruction. Lillian Russell presented a picture of physical abundance in various frames of gorgeous robes. She sang with her old-time power and correctness, but—and the fault is one for which she has been frequently criticised—there were a great lack of life and of the necessary dash in her acting. Jacques Kruger did all that mortal-born comedian could do with Prof. Pongo. Fred Solomon, brother of the composer, as Curuso, was seen for the first time in this city. He made about all the fun there was in the opera, and showed that he had been well trained in the unmistakably English school of eccentric comedy. Chauncey Olcott was cast for the role of the tenor-hero, Don Pablo. This graduate of the minstrel stage was here offered an opportunity to do the work for which his friends have long claimed he was entirely fitted. He did not accomplish the task to our satisfaction. He sang sweetly and neatly always; each of his numbers was rendered with that mechanical precision for which he is well known, yet in each case without the slightest attempt at expression. The light-opera tenor must have soul. Mr. Olcott has not caught on. Besides, he is as yet untrained and amateurish in his movements, and is not always mindful of the cast-iron but very important rules of stage deportment. We look to see him improve at once in these essential particulars; he must, if he would hope for popularity on the light-opera boards. At present he may content himself with the reflection that his debut has been kindly received by his friends and the critics.

Alma Stuart Stanley did a neat bit as Donna Carmansita, and Lizzie Hughes was bright and pretty as "Pascuala." "Pepita" was staged with a sumptuousness that bore out Manager J. M. Hill's reputation for liberality in that respect. Voegelin's scenery was rich, and the costumes, made from Mr. Thompson's designs by Dazian, were of uncommon beauty. The ballet was good, and was well handled by Sig. Novissimo. As a spectacle, indeed, there is nothing but praise to record of "Pepita." It is too bad that it fails of its purpose as a comic-opera. The only other novelty of the week in the metropolis was "The Jilt," produced at the STAR THEATRE on the night of the 16th. As we reviewed it on the occasion of its original presentation in San Francisco, and again through our Boston correspondent when it had its initial performance east of the Rockies, it is not now necessary to dilate upon it. Before its presentation in San Francisco, we gave a synopsis of it, and called attention to the fact that it was, to some extent, an admixture of "London Assurance," "The Shaughraun" and Hawley Smart's novel "From Post to Finish." There is a trace of resemblance, rather, Myles O'Hara is something better than Conn, although both are portrayed by Boucicault in about the one way; and Kitty Woodstock is not by any means Lady Gay Spanker, although she sports a riding-habit. Instead of the equine brush in the hunting-field that is described so vividly in "London Assurance," in "The Jilt" there is a flat-race; and it falls flat, compared with what should be the effect upon an audience. It cannot be said that this is the fault of the dramatist. It is not easy to locate the fault. Perhaps the characters do not sufficiently work up the scene, or maybe more working-up would spoil it altogether. We incline to the opinion that the drawback is the kind of equine sport. Flat-races have become too common over here, thanks to Brighton Beach and Guttenberg. They are pretty much alike everywhere, the main difference being in the contents of the pool-box. No doubt, the audience would have gazed upon a pool-box or two. But let it not be inferred that the racing scene arouses no enthusiasm at all. The winning horse, Thundercloud, is ridden by a girl, which in itself is a huge chunk of dramatic fat. The girl is sure to be called out, and afterwards no inconsiderable number of the audience join in calling for the horse, in lieu of which appears Boucicault twice or three, as the case may be. Here the gentleman clearly ignores "The eternal fitness of things" by bobbing up suddenly where he is not wanted. As Myles, he had ridden a beaten nag, and in the theatre, as on the turf, the public "take no stock in losers." We dwell upon this race because we believe that the ingenuity of the author is capable of enhancing its dramatic value, and because it seems to us that in "The Jilt" he is playing for a high stake, and a final one. The fourth act, which is almost wholly given up to Thundercloud, is the only really striking part of the play, and should be made the most of. If Mr. B. can see clearly that there is more in it than he and the stage-mechanicians have yet developed. Apart from that act, "The Jilt" is mainly a series of pretty pictures illustrative of English domesticity. This is saying a great deal for it, however, for it is necessarily implying that it is morally clean. The five tableaux with which the five acts end are gems of home-life. Besides, there are five characters in which the element of goodness is so dominant, and so direct in its communication with the average audience, that "The Jilt" can be sure of at least more than fair success almost anywhere. These characters are Myles, Sir Dudley Woodstock, Phyllis and Mrs. Walter, and Col. Tudor; and to them may be added Kittie Woodstock, a charming lover-maker, and Geoffrey Tudor, the young brewer—of trouble. Bijon Heron and Fritz Williams, who, as Phyllis and Geoffrey, are accessories to the cast in the places of Maida Craigen and Willie Seymour, left nothing to be

demanded, no matter how well their Boston predecessors may have portrayed these two most essential roles. It is, we think, rather too much to assert, as has been done by some journals of the day, that "The Jilt" deserves to take rank with "London Assurance" as one of the best of Boucicault's plays. The two have been produced in widely different times, and under circumstances having nothing in common. The veteran dramatist has, without counting in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," produced better plays than "The Jilt," and yet one or two of them have not outlived their first season. Nevertheless, his latest has been cast in tried and approved moulds, and lacks the distinctive individuality of some of his failures, and therefore we shall be surprised if it does not go far towards winning for him the heavy stake he should, at his time of life, be aiming for. It has drawn large houses so far at the

Carbondale.—At the New Opera-house "Galley Slave" came March 16 and 17 to light business. Sully's "Corner Grocery," 18, to good business. Donovan's Tennesseeans 22, to good business. Booked: "Two Johns" 23. From the way seats are going, I think the word will be "Standing room only." Annie Lewis in "Little Tramp," 27. Florenz Arona Concert Co. 30, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

March 20. The score was six to three,

WHY HE IS WEARY.

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN THERE,
BY T. M. HENGLER.

I am tired of hustling, hustling,
On the cars jostling, jostling—
Onward, onward, always bustling:
I am weary—oh, so weary!

I am tired of hurrying, hurrying,
To the depot hurrying, hurrying—
Late for train, always worrying:
I am weary—oh, so weary!

I am tired of fumbling, fumbling,
In my trunk, wardrobe fumbling,
Wigs and powders always fumbling:
I am weary—oh, so weary!

I am tired of playing nightly—
Houses light?—yes, very slightly.
'Tis ever thus, I'll tell you rightly:
I am weary—oh, so weary!

I am tired of ghost not walking,
Seldom now comes shadow stalking;
Manager hopeful—always talking:
I am weary—oh, so weary!

STAGE FACT & LYRIC FANCY.

GARNERING OF SANCTUM SWEEPINGS.

It is Babel in one respect, although O. A. Babel may not be a "cowboy pianist" save in the sense that there have been a number of college graduates in the ranks of the cowboys, and that several more or less prominent billiard-players have also "been there." It was not as cowboys, however, that they learned to play billiards. They had to join the herds in order to get from Texas to Chicago. The noisy Babel caused last week by the alleged untutored "child of nature" who is at present thumping celluloid or ivory, as the case may be, runeth to the effect that the Babel who is of note while professing to be without notes is a professional and trained pianist, is the son of a first-class musician, has nightly for lucre and beer twanged the wires in a concert-saloon of modest pretensions, and has also played the drum in being drummer for trade in behalf of a Texas music-house. A Jeweler in Temple, Tex., has written these serious charges and mailed them to the East, thus for the thousandth time utterly destroying our faith in human nature, and for the first time causing us to weaken on the cowboy as a veracious, God-fearing institution. It is only just to add that one Babel indignantly denies that there is any "good and sufficient reason" for the other Babel. The case is a warning to cowboys. Let them keep away from the piano if they would maintain their spotless character as equestrians on the plains and as decorators (in red) of villages on the verge of civilization.

ONE of the city dailies, in speaking of Kit Clarke's burlesque version of "The Mikado" ("The High-Card-Oh") says of it, among other good words: "It seems strange that by far the very best burlesque of 'The Mikado' should have come from the pen of one who has never before attempted stage-writing, and that the work should be presented on what is known as the 'legitimate' stage." The burlesque may be Mr. Clarke's first effort at stage-writing, but the readers of THE CLIPPER are quite familiar with many interesting articles from his pen, which is not an inexperienced one.

W. T. BRYANT finds that he is unable to "Keep It Dark." He should have expected nothing else as soon as he took James Maas into partnership. James has a reputation for "Dancing in the Sunlight," as Deleahanty and Hengler knew in the days when they made famous the song-and-dance of that name.

LAST WEEK EDITH Abbott informed our New Haven, Ct., correspondent that she thought it was that luxury the "Abbott Kiss" which suggested to W. S. Gilbert the idea of Yum-Yum. Pooh! bah! Yet it may be; but, if so, it only goes to show that W. S. G. has been slow to hook on. "Yum-Yum" has for twenty years or more been the prickly pericarp of the variety stage—especially the salacious castanets of the banjo-player's patter business. Miss Abbott may not know that the pericarp and the castanets are as old as kissing, because they have been disguised of late in being called "chestnuts."

VISCOUNT HINTON, an English nobleman, was sentenced in London, Eng., March 16, to a year's hard labor for obtaining money under false pretences. He has lived a life of adventure, and once was hostler, groom and clown in the Surrey Circus, where he married one of the performers. Professionally, the Viscount was "Mr. Cosman;" the bride he took at 20 was Lydia Shipley to her ballet-sisters. The Viscount's father, Earl Poullett, not long ago refused to pay his debts, and the son adopted a novel way of getting even. He took a circus to the village wherein "The Guy" resides, and billed it as "Viscount Hinton's Unrivalled Show." It appears that there is a romance connected with the young man, and that it is understood that the Earl, who has a son by his second marriage, will ask the House of Lords to pass upon the Viscount's legitimacy. According to the story, the Earl, when he had become of age, with a trifle to spare, won a wager at the seaside. It was that he dared not marry the daughter of a pilot. The girl had been an unfortunate, and the young Earl was drunk. Six months after the wedding the Viscount was born. His mother died in 1871.

BOTH Booth and Salvini are, when appearing conjointly, to forego considerable of the stiff backbone peculiar to "stars" while acting independently. Edwin Thomas is to play Edmund to the other Thomas King Lear, and Tommy without a middle name will generously do Claudius to Eddie T.'s Hamlet.

AN ANDERSON, IND., playwright in embryo intends to christen his bantling "A Mustard Plaster." He evidently hopes to make his dramatic work "standard" by causing it to stick. He seems to have overlooked the capacity of many a set of actors, who would accomplish the same thing even if the play were labeled "Tempus Fugit," or "As Easy as Rolling off a Log," or "No Rest for the Wicked." It would "stick" anyhow.

LIZZIE CONWAY is a clever actress, and a frank one, as well. She desires it to be known that on April 10 she will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of her birthday. She could have "held out" with perfect impunity, and claimed not to have advanced beyond adolescence, because only week before last she was playing little-girl parts in Newark, N. J.

WILL S. HAYS' recent appearance with McIntyre & Heath's Minstrels was not strictly his first on the minstrel stage. Years ago he went on in the first part with Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, in Cleveland, O., to sing, as an experiment, his noted song "Evangeline," which, by the way, heads the collection of his ballads that The Louisville Courier-Journal Co. have just issued in convenient book-form.

SARAH BERNHARDT has never before been suspected of being a logician. There are grounds to label her as one now. She thus wrote a dramatic critic who had slated her Ophelia: "Monsieur: Your criticism is dishonest; therefore you are a traitor and an imbecile." It sounds well in English—it must have been red-hot in French. And the *ergo* is truly French. Bernard Derosne, critic of *Le Voltaire*, is the writer who called forth the billet.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT got at the inside of the McCullough-monument Fund business last week when he disclosed that actually less than \$1,000 had been subscribed. There is something for the public and the profession to think about in Edwin Booth's refusal to contribute to the fund.

It is fun to hear the knowing ones, who are simply guessing, make known the sharing terms upon which Barnum and Forepaugh, in order to make it pleasant for O'Brien, are to join their shows in Philadelphia.

A PORTRAIT of Wallack's leading-man, Harold Kyrle Bellw, a sketch of whom we published some months ago, appears on our first page this week. He is still at Wallack's, and is also to be there next season.

CONY ISLAND, which is a trifle on the decline, is to be helped along on its downward course this Summer by opposition concerts on Staten Island. C. A. Cappa is the "capper" for Staten Island. This noted band-leader last week closed a contract under which he is to furnish a large stock of music (\$25,000 worth, it is given out to the public) for the St. George Ground. It will be bunched with fireworks. But Coney Island still has odds in its favor. There is salt in the air down there.

THIS is the latest we have heard from "Punch" Wheeler: DEAR CLIPPER: My new play, "Only a Hodgepodge," will be taken off the ice in the Spring and tried at the dog-pound, East River and Twenty-seventh street. My collaborators, John Hooley and J. Duke Murray, have just sent by freight a carload of choice almanac-jokes. Several of them have been canned for some years, and others have been in the hospital for twelve seasons. They will be scattered throughout the play, to make the audience infer that the piece has been running for years.

GRANVILLE, MASS., may take rank as the greatest noise-producing town on earth. Last year its manufacturers turned out two hundred thousand drums.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS now use B. C. as an appendix to their billheads. This does not indicate their great age. It denotes locality at last accounts, which was Victoria.

FAIR FINETTE WAS NOT FRAGILE.

He was mashed on fair Finette,
From the moment he first met her;
So exceeding
Her high breeding,
And her proud patrician way,
And he soon upon her waited,
His fond love reciprocated,
And this happy
Was as happy
As the brightest Summer day.
But one day the youth brightened
Out to dinner he invited,
And 'tis bootless,
Idle, fruitless,
To attempt his grief to tell,
When she ordered salt-cod shredded,
Liver, cabbage, pork chop breaded,
Mashed potatoes,
Stewed tomatoes,
And claims fried in crumbs, as well.
—Boston Gazette.

THE ROUNDING CYCLE:
A STORY OF TWO NEW-YEARS' EYES

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE FIRST.
Shuddering with the fierceness of the tempest, the wind swept in from the ocean, roared through the Narrows, and whistled over the bay until it struck the city as a heavy blow from the palm of an unseen giant. In its train came blinding sleet and biting cold that pierced thick clothing and ate, as it were, into the very marrow of the bones. A few homes had changed the fair and pleasant day into a night dark, stormy and dangerous, the placid sky into whirling masses of ink clouds, and the streets into icy, slippery, dismal thoroughfares.

Never was transformation more complete, never one more sudden. The sun, which upon the morning there had scarcely been a premonition of storm, with the rising of the stars the tempest had burst in its full fury, breaking vessels from their moorings, shivering topmast and spar, tearing loose chimney-tops, signs and awnings, and deluging with icy sleet everything in its path.

A bitter night was it to be abroad, and doubly welcome were shelter and blazing hearth. At the first warning, all who could had hastened home, closed shutters and doors, and thanked their particular household gods for protection and warmth. To those out of doors it was a desperate struggle, and one to be fought hand to hand, as it were, and singly. Cars were overloaded until blocked and stopped; carriages were a luxury not to be commanded, had early obtained "a fare" at an enormous price, and the drivers, of the cold and shivering horses. Beggars had shrunk to their mysterious abodes, and vice held its revels hidden from the public. Save for the now and then wind-hurried, buffeted and belated traveler—a physician of the soul or body summoned to, or returning from a bed of death, when, weeping and companion upon a mourning paper, an over-worked business-man detained by some complex question of profit and loss or the perplexing perverseness of a cash account that would not balance—the streets were deserted.

"Never saw the heat of it. When that last gust nearly took my breath away and my feet from under me," pleasantly grumbled a stout, hearty man of about forty years, as in turning a corner he was forced to cling to a lamp-post. "Shouldn't wonder if it blew the whole city away. Poor chance for women and children when my two hundred pounds is tossed about like a feather."

A jolly, good-natured man, and proud of his muscle, he rather enjoyed the combat with the elements, even though the sharp needles of sleet made him wince when they struck his face, and the force of the wind made him stagger, and he could not resist the temptation of stopping for a time at least at some of the saloons whose windows reflected the warmth and light within.

Not so with Charles Erskine. He forged ahead, knowing that a little bright-eyed woman was waiting for him, when, weeping and companion upon a mourning paper, an over-worked business-man detained by some complex question of profit and loss or the perplexing perverseness of a cash account that would not balance—the streets were deserted.

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To him at the moment his "brown-stone front," with its costly furniture and appointments, his stocks, bonds, bank account and lavishly-paying business, were as nothing. All would have been gladly sacrificed could it have barred (if true) the calamity that shook his soul as never before.

A light step tripped down the stairway unheeded by him, a pair of soft arms were thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice breathed in his ears the welcome words:

"Charles, I am so very glad you are home. What a terrible time you must have had."

"Terrible indeed!" he answered, thinking of his recent heartache—not as she, of the weather. "Well, hurry upstairs. Our room is so warm and cozy, and you will have time to dry yourself and get on your dressing-gown and slippers before dinner. Besides, with the most sunny and perplexing of smiles I have a New-Year's present for you—a genuine surprise."

Instantly his thoughts reverted to what most he longed for. The house was childless. It was the only skeleton buried beneath the hearthstone. But he repressed the sigh that rose to his lips, and answered cheerily:

"Some diabolically figured tidy or slippers that give one the nightmare to look at, or some impossible pen-wiper, or—I give it up."

"And you might as well," she laughed, "for you would never guess it."

Guiding him gently upstairs, she softly opened a door and revealed to his astonished vision a dainty cradle containing a slumbering babe of but a few months old.

"Great Methusalem!" he exclaimed, "whose baby is that, and how came it here?"

"Ours. But promise me, Charles, that you will not be angry."

"That's something I don't know how to be."

"It is the child of John Thornton."

"The worst enemy I ever had!" he groaned.

"The mother died a week ago, the father to-day leaving the little helpless thing without friends, and I thought—"

"You always think right."

"That you wouldn't see it suffer or—"

"Go to an asylum? If I do, may I be—blessed!"

"The mother died a week ago, the father to-day leaving the little helpless thing without friends, and I thought—"

"Yes; but," shrugging his shoulders, "I wish it had been the child of someone not an enemy."

THE SECOND.
New-Year's Eve twenty years later, and the cycle was completed. Each one had its own distinct record of pleasure, pain, trial, suffering, loss, wisdom, success, failure, birth and death.

With very few who at the beginning braved the elemental war and still remained fighting the battle of life had the change been greater than with Charles Erskine. For ten years his wife had rested in the slumber that is never broken by mortal power; for nearly two he had mourned over the sudden sweeping-away of his wealth by one of the financial cyclones that periodically burst upon the country; for more than half a century he had been a cripple, and now he was threatened with blindness.

Great, also, had been the change in the babe—the New-Year's present of his wife in the long ago. A potted infant, an indulged child, supremely happy as a girl, with all possible advantages of education, she stood upon the threshold of womanhood and suddenly robbed of the luxury and riches she had been promised, and not only thrown upon her own resources, but with the support of the one—an old man now—who had been to her more than father.

What could she do?

The often fatal error of beauty was hers, and she was dowered with the frequently claimed but seldom possessed fire, talent and genius required to give action, passion and eloquence to the ideals of others, to recreate the past and make of fiction a little realistic truth.

With the enthusiasm of hope and ambition, she turned to the stage, believing she could win a star-bright crown, honor and wealth; believing she would be satisfied with remaining "wedded to art," and that in such an unnatural consummation all that woman requires for her happiness was to be found, and that she could pass her life satisfied with hollow applause.

But it was not so—has never been—will never be. The distance that lends enchantment dissolved, the labor and study, the trials, jealousies and perplexities of the stage, the heartache and heart-ache, the hunger for something more, for the true sphere for which woman was created—love.

Such as she have never long to wait the seeking. The brainless butterfly that scorches their wings fluttering about the altars of actresses and endeavoring to offer up perpetual incense to the test of emeralds. Taught by the fictions of affection they depict, by the wrongs they counterfeit, they are wont to look deeper than mere fashionable gloss, and in looking for a heart look also for a man worthy of the truth, they may be—often are—deceived, and sadly, as well as their non-professional sisters, but the adopted child of Charles Erskine fancied she was not when she promised to give her happiness into the keeping of another.

Flushed with anticipation, with the most rosy of waking dreams, she, like Romeo, as fair a Juliet as ever sighed for her Romeo. Laden with gifts for the New Year, he came—himself the most valued of all, according to her fond, trusting, girlish heart. A moment later, and upon her finger flashed a diamond pure as dew and bright as a starbeam, and she was betrothed.

Another moment and the coy, joyous, blushing girl stood before the man she had just promised to love. Her cheeks crimsoned by emotion, eyes burning with hate, form convulsed with passion and pouring out words with most withering scorn.

"Take it!" she exclaimed, tearing the sparkling ring from her finger—her engagement-ring—and holding it towards him. "Take it, or I will crush it to bits, for I have sworn to give it to the first man who will take it, and I would you had I the physical power so to do!"

Cowering before the fierceness of the anger a single word had raised, the tempest of vituperation a request had awakened, he endeavored to calm her. She would not listen to anything of excuse, but merely said:

"You talk of love, and dare to make such a proposition. Go! Never again cross my pathway, never speak to me! Take this ring—this worse than Cleopatra's asp! Take it, I say, and every time your eyes rest upon it, think of your sordid nature and base behavior!"

"I never take back what I have given," he replied coldly, folding his arms and struggling to command himself.

"Then see it perish as does every atom of love I ever had!" she shouted, and it into the glowing grate, and turning to him with the same more of hysteria than of passion, continued: "There it is gone. Go, also, and thank the Heaven you have insulted that enough of the tenderness of woman remained in my outraged nature to keep my hands innocent of your blood!"

Without pausing to gather the many and costly presents he had bought, the man hastily departed. With the next to insane impulse of an angry woman, she gathered them up, and, as the most worthless trash, flung them into the street—a rare harvest for the rascal ever on the watch for plunder.

Then, and with every drop of blood rushing back from brow, cheek and bosom to her heart, she reeled back and fell upon the floor, sobbing piteously:

"I loved him so—I loved him so! Father!"

Instantly the elating glow of the hour and man brought him as to the cause of her excitement.

"I promised—promised—to be his wife, and then—then he—he said I must—give you up—you, my more than father—my father and mother both in one!"

The thought again drove her to semi-madness. She sprang to her feet, dashed the hot tears from her eyes and hissed with all of an adder's vindictiveness:

"He dared to make such a proposition and I did not kill him. Shame! Shame!"

Long and furious the tempest raged and when at last outwardly calm the fire still raged within, and in that brief hour she had learned as never before the truth of the words: "Child no more, I love, and am a woman."

And it was shown in her acting that night, when, as Julia, she was tempted by dress and position and tortured by the fear of having lost the idol of her young heart. It was a Julia matchless, sublimed by the tenderness of reality, but the outpouring of the suffering soul—by utterance that went straight to the hearts of her hearers, by the forgetfulness of self

and art in naturalness, by an entire losing of individuality—a Julia that would have been a bright interpretation, a revelation, a creation of his text to the author—a Julia that filled the most critical conception and dwarfed any previously seen.

To-night, the New-Year Eve, she acts again the part, and the rounding of the cycle of her life is full and complete. There is nothing wanting, and yet it will be as sundown to darkness when compared with the beauty and the tenderness of a noble womanhood more with the majestic, this will be touchingly beautiful in its natural simplicity; that was fretted as with fire; this will be radiant with the softness of the morning rather than the lurid blaze of the lightning.

Why?

The beauty and glory of a woman's life is perfectness, when, as a bride, she stands upon the eve of a New Year in her life, and everything of earth is transfigured by love.

WANTED, A YOUNG MAN TO DO MUSICAL ACT, or Dutch Specialty. Must play piano and read music. No objection to a good amateur. Address R. W. MARKS, Manager Emma Wells Comedy Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y., or per route.

YOUNG MAN OF GOOD HABITS, no former position in a traveling troupe. Am a First-class Amateur Banjoist and Comedian. Address PINK STARR, P. O. Box 270, Wheaton, Ill.

THEATRE, to Rent, or will sell fixtures and lease, or will accept partner; elegantly refitted, first-class place. Have other business. Seats 300; population 32,000. H. E. BREINING, "The Grand," Terre Haute, Ind.

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(Signed) N. B. FITHIAN, Chairman Elks' Committee.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE FRANK QUEN PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).
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BENJAMIN GARNO, MANAGING EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

PRAYING FOR THE UNATTAINABLE.

The chaplain of the House of Representatives must have astonished some of the M. C.'s who sit up all night at poker when, on the morning of March 22, he devoted his opening prayer to "riding the land of gamblers, whether in cards, dice, ships, stocks, wheats, bucket-shops or boards of trade." The good chaplain is getting beyond his depth. Having made his initial mistake of going too far, he has supplemented it with the mistake of not going far enough. There is more or less gambling in all affairs of life involving money. The people who, like clergymen, receive fixed wages gamble less than almost any other class in their efforts to receive money for their services; but even they gamble sometimes. The "strike" is gambling. The workmen win when it is successful, and lose when it is not. It would not be gambling could they know that the strike would be successful. There is mixed gambling in everything as to which there is uncertainty. It underlies the seemingly fixed laws of supply and demand, because, even if those laws are fixed, everybody cannot gain either right any more than he can always tell the worth of two-pair or a full hand at poker; and one grocer loses on his purchase of sugar, while another wins, as surely as every auction-sale develops both winners and losers. There is mixed gambling in the mere act of passing around the collection-box during church-service, after an appeal that the dominie fancies will surely "touch the hearts of his hearers," but which "does not pan out worth a cent." Gambling can no more be stopped than Niagara River can be turned back below the falls. Our esteemed neighbor Howard (rosily undertook here to stop outright gambling in private. There is more of it now than ever before, but by a different set of men. The professionals whose private houses have been suppressed are gambling more than ever before. Where? In public. They have simply shifted the implements. They are now selling pools and booking bets, instead of toying with cards. Nothing has been gained. Whole-some public sport has suffered.

SPOILING SPORT.

In our athletic department this week will be found a report of the annual cross-country race for the championship of England. It occurred on the Croydon racecourse, an inclosed ground. The only thing about it that smacked of real cross-country sport was comprised in two flights of hurdles in each mile-and-a-quarter circuit. A desire to secure gate-money, which has done so much to damage all kinds of sport, amateur and professional, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, brought about the change from the open-country races of the days when Rochester was the scene of the yearly meeting. Besides the changing to an inclosed ground, the distance was shortened. The only argument that can be advanced in favor of deciding the race on a regular track lies in the fact that thereby as many as wish to do so can see the contest from start to finish. At the same time, however, it provides greater facilities for the carrying-on of the bookmakers' little game; and from reports we have read it is evident that on this occasion the penciling fraternity were not slow to avail themselves of the chance. In fact, the Croydon course reminded one of a professional running-ground at Sheffield during the progress of a big handicap.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Although the wording of the published agreement warranted no other inference, yet it is now stated, apparently on the authority of J. A. St. John, that the championship race between Teemer and Gaudaur is not definitely arranged to take place on Pullman Lake. The selection of that place was made dependent upon failure to agree upon some other locality, whose sport-loving citizens might offer equal or better inducements of a financial character. It now looks as if either Geneva, N. Y., or White Bear Lake, Minn., would furnish the battle-ground, and we presume the verdict will be given in favor of the one making the highest bid. So far as racing water is concerned, either would, perhaps, be preferable to Pullman Lake, which is rendered undesirable because of its shallowness in places and obstructions in the way of eel-grass.

JOHN TEEMER seems unwilling to allow Hanlan and Ross to have their Canadian aquatic exhibition all to themselves. The telegraph reports him as proposing to make it three-handed, with a sweepstakes (not on the Hanlan-Lee-Ross Sheephead Bay principle, we hope) at \$500 or \$1,000. Or Teemer will give Ross a three-mile or a four-mile turn, single-handed, for \$1,000 a side or thereabouts. Since the telegraph so reported we have received a business proposition from Teemer himself, addressed to Ross and Hanlan. It will be found in our aquatic columns, which also present a challenge from James Ten Eyck to James Griffin.

A CONNECTING LINK between this century and its immediate predecessor passed out of sight on the 14th inst., in Washington, D. C., without attracting much more attention than was due to the death of so old a man. Prof. J. H. Siddons was a grandson of the eminent English actress Sarah Siddons. He had been in this country perhaps forty years. A quarter of a century ago he taught the dramatic art in this city. He was also a reader and lecturer. He had contributed both to the old *Spirit of the Times* and to the present journal of that name, as well as to *THE CLIPPER*. He was eighty-six years old at his death.

NEW JERSEY is not to be allowed to monopolize the business of holding running meetings on half-mile trotting tracks. The gates of the old Deer-foot Park at Parkville, L. I., are to be thrown open to the public on April 1, and another scrub meeting inaugurated under the auspices of "The Parkville Racing Association," with the veteran Wm. McMahon as superintendent and C. R. Roe as secretary. Turf speculators on a small scale might now find agreeable amusement, if not profitable employment, in wagering as to which of these four ventures will be first to collapse.

It was a pathetic tale the dailies told last week of Steve Taylor. They had him dying of consumption in penalty of having attempted to stop John L. Sullivan's blows. This was a high compliment to Sullivan, but it signally failed to do justice to the carbonizing element in Taylor's system. He must now weigh about 200 lb.

"OVER IN NEW JERSEY."

The racing season on the heights of Guttenberg opened on Wednesday last, while the loyal sons of St. Patrick were "wearing of the green" and drowning the shamrock in his honor. The weather being unusually fine, there was a quite large assemblage of those who go to races not to enjoy the sport, but to invest their surplus cash, and, as usual, the majority were astray, not a favorite winning. Considering that the participating equines were an ill-conditioned lot, perhaps a different result could not reasonably have been expected. That shrewd and careful "Billy" Lakeland was not of that opinion, however, was shown by his ordering his stable away from the track after Ernest, whom he freely backed, was left at the post in the opening event. It was an inauspicious beginning for the management, and bore fruit in the shape of a reduced attendance on subsequent days. The track, bad at first, gradually became worse, and on Saturday was in so frightful a state that a postponement for five days was determined upon. This announcement, however, caused such a grand kick among the small-fry owners who run their semi-cripples here, and who are in too urgent need of cash to care for the condition of the track, that a continuation of the burlesque on racing was announced for Monday.

A VEXED QUESTION SETTLED.

The exact origin of the stroke in billiards known as "the perpendicular force" has heretofore perplexed us. Detroit has remained calm and placid. She has known it all along; it was the portly Claudius Berger who invented it, and he named it the *masse* in honor of a dear French friend of his. It does not owe its odd name to the good French verb *masser*, which applies to the act of making "the perpendicular force," while *masse* expresses nothing in billiards further than that its pronunciation—*mas-say* at first, and now *mas-say*—is about as near to that of the French *mas-ser* as an English-speaking person is apt to get without a little practice. Perhaps Detroit can also tell us whether or not Monsieur Masse was "Slim Jim," who came to this country with Berger in the Autumn of 1860, and who here was christened anew by Neil Bryant and Chris. O'Connor. The discovery that Berger not only invented the "mas-say," but also sought to hustle a friend down along the more or less uncertain steps of posterity by stamping that friend's name upon the "double-back-actioned shot," is calculated to make philologists rest easy, while lifting the long agony from off billiard-players. It is a great day for Ireland, and likewise for Detroit. And we don't know that Monsieur Masse has any the worst of it.

HOW ARE WE to keep the record straight of the daily newspapers, after repeated warnings, persist in declaring competitions to be "for a purse of \$500 and the championship," when the show-bills themselves make no mention of the championship, contenting themselves with declaring that the play is for "a stake of \$500." Last week's pool exploit in Brooklyn between Frey and Malone was for neither a purse nor a stake of \$500. It involved no championship. It will be difficult for those—by which we mean the manufacturers who own the room, the player who is its nominal owner, and the contestants themselves—directly associated with it to demonstrate that they are not at least slightly amenable to the charge of being "hippodromers." The only way to prove this is to show that, as the bills declared, the play was truly for a stake of \$500.

KINGSTOWN, N. Y., is enjoying egg-sociables in advance of the first Sunday after Lent. The eggs are not eaten. Every young woman who goes to the sociable takes with her an egg having her name on it. All the eggs are put into a bag, and from it every young man draws one hen-frit in order to determine which damsel he shall escort home. It is not a fair scheme, as it differs from the old shake-bag in the important particular that this cavern cannot be well shaken up for fear of discoloring the fair lassies' names and glutinizing the fingers of the lads.

THE BUCKEYES and the Clippers are New Jersey baseball clubs. One owed the other a ball. The winner had to bring suit in order to secure the trophy and all that its possession implies. The defendants are reported as having put in the plea that playing for a ball is gambling. The New Brunswick Court of Common Pleas would not tolerate this defense, and on March 17 gave judgment for the plaintiffs. Had it been the Clippers who resorted to the "Baby Act," we should feel very sad—and ineffably mean. Had this plea been entered by them twenty years ago, the Buckeyes would have had to disband. They might do worse even now than reorganize.

ANOTHER REFUGE for played-out racers, cast off from large establishments and other no-account equines is to be located at the West-side Driving Park track, Jersey City, on Saturday, when Messrs. White & Kennedy are announced to open a running meeting to last, with good luck, about a month. The existence of such enterprises as this and that at Guttenberg serves one good purpose. In that they enable owners of large stables to find purchasers for such brutes as they do not consider worth their feed.

ONLY Mr. Bonner knows how to buy his own horses. —N. Y. Sun.

The remainder of the world have lost nothing by their inability to indulge in this harmless amusement. They have, on the contrary, given themselves all the more time to learn how to buy horses from others.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., has a pet deer. Recently, becoming frightened, it jumped through "a pane of glass seven inches wide by thirteen long." Yet the story runs that this saloon-keeper's pet is "a full-sized deer," which suggests great shrinking capacity in an emergency.

WALTON professes to have forsown the turf and withdrawn from politics. His ambition now is to "plunge" into the hotel business, and he sees just where Philadelphia lacks a million-and-a-half-dollar caravansary.

DETROIT played their "big four" against the Savannah's nine of trumps last week, and the visitors lost the trick. It is not a favorable opening of the baseball season for the Detroit's costly team.

BOSTON has developed a new industry. Men there make a business of going around from house to house washing pet dogs, and charging therefor from fifty to seventy-five cents apiece.

TOO LASTING A REFEREE.

Killip & Co., the San Francisco pool-sellers, have refunded the money held by them on the Morris-McKenna billiard game. The reason given is that "the betting rules contain a provision that all wagers depend on the decision of the referee." If by this is meant general betting rules, not special ones, there has never been any such provision. There have been hundreds of cases in which the referee has adjudged that a competition should go one way, while better authority than the referee has made it go another. There is never any occasion for a referee to give a decision in a billiard match after the game has apparently been won, unless by special agreement between the contestants while the match is in progress. If fraud is charged, and the referee can act upon it at all, he is to do so while the game is in progress. A billiard match lasts for hours. It is not a horse-race that is over inside of three minutes. It is not an athletic competition in which the seeming winner may not be the winner because of an ineligible that cannot be proved at once. It is not a boat-race, in which the seeming winner may not be the winner because of a foul. At billiards fouls are disposed of at once, and the competition goes on. A billiard-match, finally, is not a horse-race, a boat-race or any one of a hundred other affairs in which the competition can be so close at the finish as to suggest a doubt as to which competitor, if either, has won. It is almost unique in its peculiarity that only one man can get to the front at a time. There cannot be any dead heat. Referees are chosen by the competitors to decide disputes between the competitors, and for no other purpose. When the competition has come to an end, the referee is *functus officio*. He has always been, and the usages in sports are not to be upset or altered to expedite pool-room operations.

The rules of pool-sellers and bookmakers are arbitrary. They are not alike all over. Often they are in violation of the express rules of the competition involved or of the tracks upon which are run the races on which pools are sold. A man buys a pool as he would go to a grocery-store and purchase a cracker, viz., upon the terms laid down by the seller. Killip & Co. have the right to refund the money. It is simply the right to do as they please. We are told that their pool-tickets have inscribed on them this regulation: "To be paid on decision of the judges," and that therefore "the investors virtually consented to abide by the decision of the referee." This is nonsense. Are that firm still holding all the pools they have ever sold on billiard matches? They must be, if they live up to their tickets; for, unless lately, they have never heard of a referee in a billiard match making a fool of himself by rising and giving a decision in proclamation of the very manifest fact that he who has reached the end of his "string" has won the game! Those tickets were printed with a special view of covering horse-racing, which is about the only competition that has "judges." It is said that Lon Morris, who apparently won the game, protested against Killip & Co.'s refunding the pools. The pool-sellers should have paid no attention to him. He has been a pool-seller himself, and he knows that, as his own regulations were arbitrary, those of Killip & Co. have the same warrant for being arbitrary.

Now we shall show how it is possible to "play both ends against the middle" in applying to billiards modes of procedure that are tolerable in other sports, and are sometimes both expedient and wholesome in those sports. It is quite evident that, long before this game ended, the referee had made up his mind that he would bring his official weight to bear upon it. There was a suspicion in the referee's mind that McKenna was going to lose it—that, indeed, he intended to lose it. But suppose the betting had justified it and there had been a "double cross," what would Referee Saylor have done then? Our own opinion is that the backers of McKenna would have been paid the pools, in which event the "dear public" would not have been protected. But they would have been protected if, as soon as the referee had been furnished fair evidence of the original "cross"—anything short of absolute proof—he had taken some such action as the vacating of his position, a proceeding that would have had a forceful significance if accompanied by some such remark as: "It seems to me that you players do not need a referee." Instead, he sat there, and meanwhile McKenna might have won the game because his opponent had become so sick as either to enfeeble his playing or to force him to retire. This is how, if a billiard match that is played to a finish does not indicate the winner, bettors can always have a chance to win while taking no chance to lose. So much time elapses before the finish comes that the probable losers can easily fix up evidence—at least such as will readily satisfy some referees—that they have been wagering on a fraudulent game. A referee in a billiard match is out of office as soon as there has ceased to be a billiard match. Moreover, there is no sport in which a mere referee is given control of bets. On the turf the judges are legally given such control, because they are supposed to be appointed by the association controlling the track, and because they are responsible to the association. The average referee in other sports is responsible to nobody or nothing. That is the reason why he seems to have a craze for "protecting the public." Every once in a while we hear of a baseball-umpire meddling with bets, although the very association to which he owes his appointment has always disclaimed exercising any authority over wagers, precisely as the referee in a billiard match has. There is no private contract between buyers and sellers. Modern referees need to be taught that they do not hold office *ad libitum*. There is a time for them to let go.

ALBERT HAMM, the sculler from Nova Scotia, seems to be in one sense a better oarsman than any other we wot of in the professional ranks. Six days of the week he devotes most of his time training and rowing with his partner, J. A. Gaudaur, at Creve Coeur Lake, and on the seventh he rests with his pedestrian and oaric labors, and instead vocalizes in the church choir and instructs a class in the Sunday School. This may be termed a new sort of Hamm sandwich.

IT WOULD APPEAR, from the result of the trials of the different "deals" which have taken place at the American Association meetings, that the judgments rendered by the Association officials "had nothing to do with the case." By-and-bye, if for good cause a ballplayer is thrown out of service by a club, all he will have to do will be "to take his case into the courts." This idea should tickle the lawyers.

It must have been a great Shock the wheeling world received when it heard the news from Minneapolis.

THE LATE HENRY ASHLEY.

This gentleman, who for something like fourteen years was dramatic editor of this paper, died on Sunday, March 21, at the Sinclair House, which had been his residence for about a dozen years. Having for a year or two suffered from writers' cramp, Mr. Ashley withdrew from our staff early in 1884, and since then had not been engaged in business of any kind. His journalistic career began on this paper. Prior to 1870 he had been more or less directly interested in theatrical management in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and other cities, and had been agent or manager for George Wood, Lucille Western, Mme. Varian Hoffman, Maggie Mitchell, James R. Anderson, Mrs. Catherine Sinclair, Felicia Vestrali, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Dion Boucicault and others. His career as business-manager or advance-agent began in 1853. About 1855, when Miss Fanny Morant was conducting *Hisley's Varieties*, Washington, he was her treasurer; at one time he was interested in the direction both of a theatre in Philadelphia and of Laura Keane's, this city; he was business-manager of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in the Summer of 1857, and of the Boston Theatre in 1857-8; and during a portion of the season of 1861-2 he was nominally lessee of the Old Bowery Theatre, this city. In 1867-8 he managed a road company playing "The Flying Scud," having secured the United States rights to that sporting drama, and in the Spring of 1868 he and W. A. Donaldson secured limited rights to "Under the Gaslight," and put it on the road in Pennsylvania and other Eastern States. This, we believe, was the last managerial venture of any note the deceased was engaged in. In Boston, as well as elsewhere when emergency required, he had appeared upon the stage; but he never made any pretense of having been an actor. He was educated for the law, but never, it seems to us, practiced it, gravitating towards theatricals while a patron of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in which city he was born about fifty-seven years ago. His education and his theatrical experience were his passports to the position on this paper left vacant by the withdrawal of Col. T. Allston Brown to establish the dramatic agency in which he is still interested, and gradually Mr. Ashley became one of the most valuable men on *THE CLIPPER*'s staff—not so much for his adaptability as for the reliance that could be placed upon him. He was always at his post. His life ran in set grooves. A model of punctuality, he was methodical to the farther verge of possibility. The same characteristics were observable in his writings. His was a neat, orderly hand, in fitness much like a woman's, and he would turn out page after page of it without erasure, and almost without interlineation, notwithstanding that, lawyer-like, he paid the greatest attention to details. It was perhaps his pride in his chirography that superinduced writers' cramp, and for a time irritated him by limiting his capacity for manuscript work. A careful, cautious man, as a result of his methodical habits, it need scarcely be said of him that he ought to have been conscientiously faithful to every trust. We found him so always.

H. M. JOHNSON'S victory in the Shrovetide Handicap at Sheffield, Eng., previously announced, is narrated in detail in our athletic department. He won gallantly against competitors of repute, to whom he conceded odds in distance, being first past the tape at every time of trying. He may be said to have scored a double victory, a false start necessitating the running-over of the final heat. Fortunately, the strength, stamina and pluck which backed up his speed enabled him to again first catch the judges' eye, and he became the hero of the first Sheffield handicap in which the deciding heat had to be run over. George Smith of Pittsburgh, who was Johnson's mentor, attendant and adviser, deserves a share of the credit for the result achieved.

SO FAR as the Senate and the House can make it so, gambling in Kentucky is now a felony. It is expected that the Governor will sign the bill, after which there will come a time when there will be a large field for secret manoeuvres in violation and in ridicule of law, and consequently more official perquisites.

CALVIN SHALL of Indian Castle, N. Y., was last week fined \$45 and jailed for twenty days for cock-fighting. This means that Calvin shall not do as he pleases in his own Castle.

A SPORTING WEAPON.

A double-barrelled gun has recently been made for the Duke of Sutherland's steam yacht, mounted on a pivot, and the total length is 53 in., the weight being 115 lb. One barrel is rifled and the other a smooth bore. It is intended principally for killing whales, but it may be used for sharks, porpoises, gun-fish, etc. It will fire a 100z. explosive bullet of steel, or a 13oz. solid shot. There is also a harpoon to be fired from the smooth-bore barrel. The explosive bullet when used against whales, as it is said, it will tear away a sufficient piece of the animal to insure its death, while the harpoon will serve to secure the carcass. For this purpose it is attached to a flexible steel wire rope wound on a reel. The explosive bullet that while one kills the quarry the other secures it. The gun can also be used for wild-fowling.

AN EAGLE WITH A SLEIGH-BELL.

On December 22, 1884, a large bald-headed eagle was noticed at Cortlandt, Westchester County, N. Y. It attracted much attention, because it had about its neck a sleigh-bell, the ringing of which could be distinctly heard by all who saw it. On March 13 *The New London Telegram* reported the capture of a bald-headed eagle wearing a sleigh-bell about its neck at Old Lynn, Ct. It is supposed that the bird was the same one. The same bird occasioned much consternation along the southern shore of Connecticut, in the vicinity of Niantic and Lynn. Fishermen and sailors have for about two years past been both startled and mystified by hearing a bell ringing in the air above them, and until the capture of this eagle and its queer adornment, no satisfactory explanation of the sound has ever been given.

.... The Silver Fishing Club of Cincinnati have elected the following officers: President, J. J. Schellens; vice, Wm. Krapp; financial secretary, Chas. Rose; corresponding, Adolph Brand; treasurer, Henry Herwig; fish commissioner, Herman Heuser; sergeant-at-arms, Jacob Hauser; trustees—H. Herwig, H. Krapp, G. Boesherz, F. Lohmann and Wm. Krapp.

.... The Troy, N. Y., Bicycle Club has purchased the Coliseum Rink there.

.... The 200-yards dog handicap, begun at Echo Park, Philadelphia, March 20, was concluded 22, a good attendance being present. The first heat was won by Duffer, 17 yds. start from Fruit Boy, scratch, and Gentleman Dick, 18 yds. Old Ned, 14 yds, won the second heat from Dan McIlinch, 12 yds, and Maggie, 12 yds. Smith's half-bull, 23 yds, won the third heat from Robert the Devil, 21 yds, and Jumbo, 3 yds. Plunger, 28 yds, won the fourth heat from Broken Leg, 12 yds, and Sunday Item, 18 yds. In the final heat the order of finishing was: Plunger, Duffer, Old Ned and the half-bull, J. Sykes thus supplying both first and second dogs.

"THE AMERICAN SKYLARK."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

"Yes," said the old clown, as I met him one day trudging along at some distance from home, "I've crawled out like a snake to get warm in the sun and—aye? Yes, to take a peep at the boys getting ready for the road. Spring poor? Not as much as used to be the case. They have learned to take better care of themselves and their cash. Natural for me to be looking around? Of course it is, and makes my mad blood dance again to watch the daring leap and the breathless swing."

"Yet it must have a saddening effect upon you."

"No; I had my day, and hope I am not mean enough to begrudge them theirs. Yet it does set me to thinking all the same."

"And makes you cease to be a merry man for the time?"

"Ah! Very good. I owe you one, though it is stealing my thunder. No, it isn't pleasant to be forced to remember how many have ridden their last act and had their names cut off from the play-bill of life. But I never was a kicker, and aren't going to be giddy now."

"Yet I have often heard you say the profession was not what it was once."

"To be honest, it is better and worse. Horseman-ship isn't so much the attraction, fewer excel in it, but there is greater variety, they are larger, and people get more for their money."

"How about the stock?"

"Better," he confessed, but it was with a compression and puckering of lips as if the word tasted bitter. Then, and as in explanation, he continued: "Of course it would be when horses have been improved and there are so many more to pick from."

"And costumes?"

"Yes (reluctantly), just as it is with the stock. But," and his face lighted up with satisfaction, "it is more display and less artist, more trappings and less riding more paint and putty and varnish and less."

"Better rein in, Mr. Merryman," I suggested, "for should others hear you they might—"

"Say I talked like an old fool," he laughed. "Well, well; it is habit. I can't help it, and if old folks haven't the right to grumble I should like to know what is left them? Tell me that and unyoke. The boys? Oh, doing first rate. Pay? Much better than it used to be and the work lighter."

"Especially traveling."

"Of course, and lots of other things. By the way, I met an old gossip; we compared notes, and he brought my mind back to many things which were kids together with our first show."

"Which was what, Mr. Merryman?"

"A long-forgotten concern. It was named—let me see—the 'Climax' was it, was that it, and it did 'cap' many that have followed."

"In what respect?"

"I'm not going to give it away; but I will tell you one thing—we had the prettiest little fairy of a girl that ever danced and sang her way into a man's heart. I thought so then, and haven't changed my mind. Here she was, a 'stagnant clown' and her brother a rider and singer, and she had the musical gifts of both."

"A rare dowry, Mr. Merryman."

"Yes, sometimes," was answered very slowly and doubtfully.

"And in her case?"

"It is always hard to tell where one will land when jumping blindfold through a balloon, and life is very much the same," was answered without heeding the question. "Never did mortal have a fairer start. But let me tell the story in my own fashion. As I said, she was the prettiest child I ever saw, petite, lithe, graceful, brave, and would have made a daisy rider if they had not made her a vocalist."

"I don't catch your drift."

"Don't see where the leaders are going, now they have been given their heads? Perhaps not. Many people don't think circus-people ride at the head of the procession of life. I do, and if I am not much mistaken some of them will be found foremost in the grand entree in the other world."

"It will not be a question then of what our business on earth was, but how we played our parts; not whether we passed our time with theatricals and under canvas, but how closely we followed the golden rule."

"Right! You made a clean leap that time and struck squarely on your feet. About the girl, Nellie Romyne? Yes, that was the name by which she was known in the prof. Well, she just swept the deck when she sang 'Buy a Broom,' the 'Bonnie Boat,' and other old-fashioned, sweet songs. Nothing like them now-a-days. I don't say not, but not for me, and I take it the best songs are those that most touch the heart and linger longest in memory."

"That is wisdom worthy of your great admiration, Shakespeare."

"Thanks," and with a grateful smile he continued: "It was a sorry day for us boys when she left, for every one was madly in love with her. Some great musician heard her warbling like a bird, and coaxed her father to let him compose a tune for her opera."

"The highest ambition of most of her sex."

"And a road marked by—no, I won't moralize. I remember as it were yesterday the last night she ever was on sawdust. Benefit? Certainly, we didn't let any good chances slip through our fingers any more than managers do now. Yet she didn't have many 'farewells'—to be repeated every year until death rung down the curtain."

"The benefit of which you speak must have been a brilliant one."

"Crowded, and I never heard the girl sing so well, and that night she got the name she was ever after known by—the 'American Skylark.' Yes, it came from a song. Never heard it? No, nor I this many a long year. Remember it? Slightly, and though his voice was sadly worn and thin, he sang with power and expression:

The skylark springs with dew on its wings,
And up in the blue arch of heaven he sings,
Tra-la, tra-la—it is sweeter far
Than the music that floats from the golden bar;
The joyous bound of a bound at play,
The rill of a brook in its onward way,
And these to me the music shall be,
For I love, I love, I love the free.

"Very finely executed, Mr. Merryman," I said, and applauded vigorously.

"Nothing to what she sang the night of the farewell. Ah, me! there's many a word spoken and written we don't comprehend the meaning of at the time, or not until years afterward."

"You mean you never saw her again?"

"Not exactly, but you shall hear. She looked just glorious. Talk of mashing hearts! At least one never got over it."

"Yours, Mr. Merryman?" I questioned a trifle maliciously.

"Ahem! I wasn't talking about myself. But yet laugh as you may, boy, love often lasts longer than any other. Dressed? The driven snow—driven by the wind, I presume—was not whiter than her dress or her bare neck, shoulders and arms for that matter, though the latter was as snow on which the sun rested with a rosy glow."

"You are getting poetical in your old age."

"True, true, but as the immortal William once remarked, age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety. But who could talk of such a beauty without becoming poetical? Of course her dress was starred and spangled, her eyes like diamonds, only brighter, and her hair as curling floss of gold. Her image is painted here (with his hand upon his heart and a reverential bowing of head), but for her own person, it beggars all description."

"How old was she?"

"About sixteen, though she did not look it. Yes, she left us, was educated in music and might have become a glory and a wonder in the prof. had she gone on the stage."

"Then she did not fulfill her destiny?"

"No. Love and death are the most tyrannical of masters in the circus of the world. Her father died, her mother was ambitious, her fancy was caught, and she married high in society."

"Often a dangerous experiment."

"Yes, train a horse to the ring and he never forgets it. The young husband had a gilded cage for his beautiful song-bird, and was very proud of her. But aristocracy and wealth never forgive him for going out its ranks for a bride, and made her feel it goad."

"Then she was not happy?"

"About as much as the skylark after which she had been named would have been in confinement. Music was her only comfort. She shrank from being made a 'holly show,' and just sang her life away. Yes, she sometimes forced herself, or was forced into society, sang at some high-toned concert, but the regulary

effort cost her days of sickness, and she soon became a confirmed invalid. The physicians had some high-sounding name for what they said was the matter with her, but it was all gammon. I knew she was dying of a broken heart."

"Then you saw her?"
"Sometimes, but not often. One day her carriage was driven to the show. She sent for me and begged to look upon the once familiar scenes again. No, her mother or husband didn't know it and she was closely veiled. After the performance was over she thanked me, said it had made her very happy and to feel like a child."

"And that was the last you saw of her?"
"About a year afterward, when we were about to start out in the Spring, when the days were warm and bright and the birds singing merrily, her husband came for me. Yes, he loved her and was very kind; but didn't understand her longing for the freedom of her old life. Poor dear, she was but a shadow. Consumption had wasted her to nothingness. Her eyes were bright as burning diamonds, her hair the same fine spun, burnished gold, but her cheeks were sunken, her lips pinched and her voice gone."

"And deeply touched your heart?"
"As it never was before," said the old man, huskily, and drawing his hands over his eyes. "With great difficulty she whispered that I had always been kind to her and she had sent for me to ask a favor. As if she could have asked anything I would not have granted!"

"Your known kindness of heart is proof sufficient of that, Mr. Merryman."

"And what, in the name of Heaven, do you think she wanted?" he questioned, without the least notice of my complaint.

"A very difficult thing to surmise."

"To sing to her? Sing to her who had a voice like an angel, for all we know of what the blessed do above is that they sing and that they love." As to her and the songs of her childhood.

"You did not refuse, difficult as the task must have been, under the circumstances?"
"She laid her thin hand in mine and looked so pleadingly, I could not. But it nearly overcame me to sing the foolish little things when she was so near Heaven that her ears must almost have caught the music of the golden harp blended with the majestic orchestra gathered from every world and star. I know the notes were broken by sobs, and that the tears fell fast. As a baby going to sleep she lay with closed eyes, and at last I ceased singing, thinking her dead."

"And a much to be wished-for ending it would have been," I suggested.

"She was not," he said tenderly. "I felt a soft pressure of the fingers, the glorious blue eyes opened and again she whispered, but oh! so faintly: 'One more—the last—please.' I bent down to catch her wish. Her husband raised her head gently and both of us trembled as she struggled to articulate. 'Home, Sweet Home,' for we knew she was going, was almost there."

"Yet you nerved yourself for the task?"
"Yes, I tried, and with a mighty effort she burst through the shales of pain, disease and death and sang one verse, her voice softening, falling until spiritual listeners alone caught the faint strain of 'Home.' She had gone to an eternal one, and I stood in unimaginable trance and agony that cannot be remembered. Yes, she, the caged song-bird had broken her heart in singing, and I thought of her as one who would ever sing and soar, and sing, and sing, a free soul under the glorious star-spangled canvas of Heaven."

"A sad story, Mr. Merryman," I commented, as I parted with him, at his door.

"Yes, sad, but I know one in the choir of the blessed Master who will not fail to welcome the old man with a glorious burst of melody when he also is called home."

A GEM FROM THE VEDAS.
Mamououaw ("the nightingale that sings for stanzas") had a voice like the brimble bud of Cashmore, and was a prima-donna in the days of Bungelow the Just, and was billed to sing in native opera in Babbie Mandel for 5,000 a night. But when the evening came she refused to sing, and presented a physician's certificate to the effect that she had a severe cold. "What will you take for your cold?" asked the monarch, who was ex-officio manager of the opera-house. "I will take 10,000 a note," replied the prima-donna, sweetly. "It is that kind of cold." Whereupon the royal manager ordered her lungs to be drawn out with an instrument made for that purpose, and subsequently, her to the relief fund of the Mikados, a wandering tribe in the provinces, who were in extremely destitute circumstances, having been out of missionaries for several weeks. This happy termination of the affair was all that saved it from being a chestnut.—Bob Burdette.

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